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JULY 27, 1953



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VOL. LXII NO. 4

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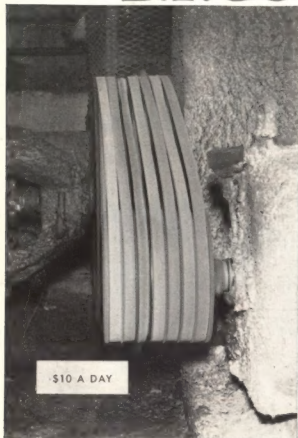
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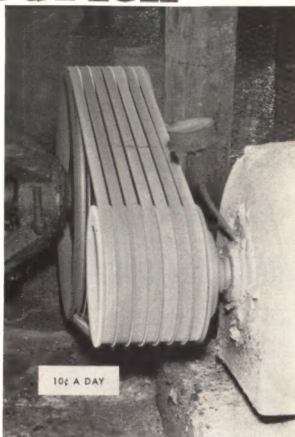
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WESTERN UNION

LETTERS

Truce in Korea

Sir:

... Not a few of us were astonished at the manner the Administration has adopted to bring an end to the Korean war [TIME, July 6], a method that literally shouts for "peace" at any price. Since returning from the Korean war last year (I served with Oklahoma's 45th Infantry Division), I have persistently worked to do something about a condition which permits Americans to be sent into combat and then have victory denied them, not by the enemy but by the very Government we were fighting to preserve... Have the words of MacArthur, Van Fleet, and the thousands upon thousands of Korean veterans been of no avail? Have over 24,000 American men, killed by steel from the sanctuary of Manchuria, died in vain? ...

Searcy, Ark.

JIMMY LYONS

Sir:

... Didn't we go to the aid of South Korea to help free them from an aggressive invasion of their territory? Did we ever agree to rid all of Korea of Communists? Did we ever agree to unify Korea? ... If a truce frees the South Korea territory of the aggressors, our job is done ...

Chicago

MERLE ROGERS

The Conservative Mind

Sir:

Thank you for the wonderful book review of *The Conservative Mind* by Russell Kirk [TIME, July 6]... Let's have more such conservative reviews as an antidote to the "liberal" doses of poison that now destroy man and his civilization.

East Hartford, Conn.

E. J. BARTEK

Sir:

... A democracy should have both liberalism and conservatism in about equal force, since liberalism can easily be perverted into Soviet-style tyranny and conservatism into monarchical tyranny ...

Northfield, Vt.

GORDON ROEDER

Sir:

You quote the Confederate General Forrest as saying he would not have gone to war if he "hadn't thought he was fighting to keep his niggers and other folks' niggers." For several years prior to General Forrest's death

in 1879, I was his neighbor on Union Street in Memphis, and on several occasions I heard him say slavery was not the sole, or even the main, cause of the War Between the States. Less than 10% of the people of the South owned even one slave ...

LEE MERIWETHER

St. Louis

Voice from Egypt

Sir:

Shortly after the breakdown of the Anglo-Egyptian talks, Sir Winston Churchill and his imperialist organs attempted to put the blame on Egypt. Churchill's misleading propaganda claimed that by so doing was threatening the security of the whole of the Middle East and endangering the interests of the free world. In no way was this propaganda true, as Egypt is anxious to settle the problem of the Suez Canal in order to be able to concentrate all efforts on carrying out her reform projects ...



NASSER

The majority of the Egyptian people has, for the past seven decades, been subjected to the worst forms of exploitation and suppression by the British occupation, ex-King and their clique. That is why the main objective set forth by our revolution of July 23, last, has been to relieve the

Egyptian people of such oppression, and to raise and improve their standards, thus eliminating the dangers of extremist ideologies ...

Under British occupation no progress is possible. On the contrary, "vacuums" are created which certainly affect stability and security not only in Egypt but in all Middle East countries which stand by Egypt's side in her struggle for complete independence.

We entered the talks with the sincere desire to bring them to a fruitful and happy conclusion ... But the British side wanted only an agreement which would ensure the continuation of their occupation under a new name. Such agreement would have made the illegitimate occupation of Egypt legitimate and eternal ...

The British tried to hide Britain's imperialistic designs on the Arab world under a

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TIME
July 27, 1953

Volume LXIII
Number 4

TIME, JULY 27, 1953

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new title—the defense of the interests of the free world in the Middle East. We know for sure that the maintenance of any foreign force on our territory, no matter why, is only a continuation of the British aggression...

It is certain that it is only a matter of prestige that made the British insist on keeping and maintaining unnecessary big forces in the Canal Zone... Under the present circumstances the base is of no use whatsoever so long as it is surrounded by a hostile population who are full-heartedly supported by the Arabs and all Moslem nations. In time of war it will be reduced to a pocket which has to defend itself against the Egyptian people. The people of the Middle East have declared that the defense of the Middle East is their own concern. They are anxious to take the complete responsibility of the defense of this area. They categorically reject any interference from the West... We have declared our readiness to maintain the Suez Canal base in perfect shape and therefore accepted to employ British technicians until the time when we shall have sufficient technicians of our own.

We are not obstinate; on the contrary, we were realists and straightforward, but the British government has not proved to be in favor of any proper solution of the Middle East problems, apparently as such solutions are incompatible with their own selfish and imperialistic interests.

GAMAL ABDEL-NASSER

Lieut. Colonel

Vice President of the Council of

the Revolutionary Command

Getra, Egypt

Myth or Menace? (Cont'd)

Sir:

Your concise summary of the double fakery known as McCarthyism [TIME, June 29] is the definitive statement on the sublimely avoids the hogwash which has too frequently been slopped over this issue from both sides. There is a rational, honorable position precisely between the European neutralists' phony worry over American freedoms and the Senator's phony picture of our subversion...

T. L. BERGER

Piermont, N.Y.

Sir:

What an example of shameless propaganda—your editorial smearing McCarthy as "myth and menace."...

If McCarthy is so weak and unpopular as you claim, why is he a menace?... First you bring him to "menace" proportions to distract us from the fact there were Reds in the Government, and then try to pooh pooh him away when this purpose has been accomplished.

JOHN H. SCHUTZ

Milwaukee

Sir:

Some one should advise J. B. Matthews that the countries most liberally Protestant are the least Communistic—Canada, England, Scotland, U.S.—and the countries most Catholic are the most Communistic—France, Italy, the Balkans...

The greatest bulwark against Communism in this country is precisely that kind of political liberalism found in the Protestant Church and which Mr. Matthews fears.

(REV.) **FREDERICK WYNGARDEN, D.D.**
Westminster Presbyterian Church
Grand Rapids

Intellectual Immunity

Sir:

We see that Joe McCarthy thinks that Albert Einstein is "an enemy of America" [TIME, June 22]. There are quite a few of

us over here doing some fighting in the real sense of fighting Communism while the Senator is "fighting" it with his mouth.

It is our opinion that Einstein will assume a place among the ten greatest men of this century. Where McCarthy's name will be if it is remembered we aren't certain, but very likely in the same obscure corner of history occupied by the late Theodore Bilbo.

(CPL.) **JOHN MORAN**

(CPL.) **FRANK CRONIN**

(SGT.) **D. M. MOORE**

(SFC.) **MERVYN MILLER**

40th Infantry Division

Somewhere in Korea

On the Roof of the World

Sir:

"Conquest of Everest" [TIME, July 6] is strikingly written. Part of it sounds Biblical... Beautiful prose!

LOUISE DYER HARRIS

Newtonville, Mass.

Sir:

Historians of the future will record this striking commentary on the spiritual decline of Western civilization:

Time: 11:30 a.m., Friday, May 29th, 1953.

Scene: Two men, roped together, stand on the roof of the world and gaze at the scene before them. One is Hillary, representing the spiritual heritage of Europe. The other is Tenzing, representing the spiritual heritage of Asia.

Hillary: "Damn good."

Tenzing: "I thought of God and the greatness of His work."

(REV.) **JAMES I. COOK**

Blawenburg, N.J.

American Heritage

Sir:

TIME's four-page spread [July 6] on the Cooperstown collection of American Folk Art was an especially beautiful one...

What a good idea to remind Americans so vividly of "their own lively and fruitful folk heritage." It is still not so long ago that American artists and writers were complaining of the cultural "barrenness" of their native land...

ALFRED BUTTERFIELD

New York City

Googolplex

Sir:

To say that a googol is "the mathematical term for 1 plus 100 zeros" [TIME, July 6] is to be as erroneous as the third-grade arithmetician who decides that 2 plus 2 is 22... A googol is the number which may be expressed by 10¹⁰⁰.

Written out, this is 1 followed by 100 zeros... And a googolplex is a googol to the googol power!

EDWARD C. MARZO

East Orange, N.J.

Q) To TIME's googol specialist, 100 zeros.—Ed.

Late Shopping

Sir:

TIME's July 13 issue says, "First wrinkle-resistant Dacron-and-wool suits and topcoats for spring, fall and winter wear will be brought out this fall..." [Such] suits were introduced by Milliken last year. Apparently TIME hasn't been shopping lately!

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Deering Milliken & Co., Inc.

New York City

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Dear Time-Reader

One way to spot a veteran TIME writer is to ask him how many cover stories he has written. When he says, "I can't remember," you can be sure that he is a real veteran. One such man is Walter ("Sandy") Stockly, recently the guest of honor at an office party celebrating his 20th anniversary as a TIME writer.

Stockly's first story for TIME, written for the issue of June 26, 1933, was titled "Bellow." It was the account of a slight stroke suffered by 63-year-old Joe Humphries, in those days the stentorian dean of sports announcers. Less than a year later, Stockly wrote his first cover story—on Astronomer Sir Arthur S. Eddington. For the past three years he has been TIME's expert

on the Korean war, writing most of the battlefront stories about that area.

Stockly came to TIME with the background of a pilot, a cab driver and a steel-mill-worker-turned-reporter who was fired by a newspaper editor with the warning: "You're a fine legman, but you'll never be a good writer as long as you live."

Born 48 years ago in Charleston, W. Va., where his father was a coal-mining engineer, Stockly's first bid for fame was on the baseball diamond. Because he was so small, he was a pitcher's despair. A local sportswriter dubbed him "Fly's Eyelash Stockly." However, in time he grew and now stands (unslouched) a respectable 6 ft. 1 in.


After graduating from Mercersburg Academy, Stockly entered Princeton where he majored in French. "At that time," he says, "there were three things I wanted to do: drive a taxi, fly a plane and work on a newspaper." In due course he accomplished all three. Between his junior and senior years at Princeton, he drove a cab around Pittsburgh for six months. "The third day I had the cab job, a man asked me to drive him and his son (the patient) to an insane asylum about 15 miles away. I was so new I didn't know the way. I took him such a roundabout route that I was conscience-stricken at the end of the ride and deducted \$60¢ from the \$14.60 fare."

After Princeton, Stockly took on odd jobs, including a stint in a steel mill, while pestering Pittsburgh newspapers to hire him. Finally, the *Sun-Telegraph* agreed to give him a job if he would work a trial month without salary. Stockly agreed, and after a month he was on the payroll at \$30 a

week. Eleven months later, he was off the payroll with the editor's prediction that he would never become a writer.

So Stockly took to the air. He was accepted as a flying cadet in 1929, went to Brooks Field, Texas, where he managed to get through primary cross-country, formation and night-flight training before he was washed out as being "unmilitary in character, too individualistic to fit into the Army." Shortly thereafter, Stockly's father, who was ill, took the family to Tucson. With no depression jobs available, Stockly entered the University of Arizona for postgraduate work in French and other romance languages, learned to read French almost as fluently as English.

In 1933 (having driven the cab, flown the plane, worked for a paper)



Stockily headed for New York determined to work either for *The New Yorker* magazine or TIME. He came to TIME first, was given a writing trial and hired. For the next seven years he wrote TIME's Science section.

With the beginning of World War II, Stockly shifted to writing Foreign News, to which he returned after a military leave of absence in Air Force intelligence. His wartime cover stories include Alexander Novikov, Russia's air force chief, and a Nazi trinity: Heidrich, Rommel and Himmler. Of all his cover stories, says Stockly, the one he enjoyed doing most was Heinrich Himmler: "It was a real witches' brew."

Four years ago Writer Stockly read another man's story which changed his life considerably. The story was Tom Lea's *The Brave Bulls*. "I thought there must be something to this bull fighting," he said, and began to read more on the subject. "I became an *aficionado* by literary means." Then he did it the real way, took six months' leave of absence to tour the bull rings of Spain. He now takes his summer vacations in the winter to see the fights in Mexico.

Stockly lives in a 2½-acre country place in Wilton, Conn., with his wife and seven-year-old daughter, who wants to be a ballet dancer when she grows up. By the time that happens, says Stockly, he plans to be resting in the countryside, translating some good French novels.

Cordially yours,

James A. Liner



WALTER STOCKLY



*"It's Uncle Bill, Mommy, and
he's singing 'Happy Birthday'."*



*"You've got a new grandson, Dad,
and Mary's just fine!"*



*"You're so nice to invite us.
We'll be there on the 8:15."*

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You save time and speed your
Long Distance calls when you
give the operator the number
of the telephone you're calling.

Here's a telephone suggestion you'll find helpful. Write down the out-of-town numbers you already know. If there's a new number you don't have—or an old one you've forgotten—be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you. There's an attractive booklet for your telephone numbers waiting for you at your local Bell Telephone office.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Report to the Nation

Soon after he landed at Washington's National Airport last week, Assistant Secretary of State Walter Robertson rode to the White House to report to President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles on his trouble shooting mission to Korea. Two days later, Robertson and Dulles made a radio-TV report to the nation.

Their words contained none of the bitter, carping hostility toward Syngman Rhee that had showed itself in the U.S., and even more in Europe, after Rhee balked at the truce terms. Said Robertson: "The Korean people were not opposed to the armistice because they like to suffer and die. They were opposed to it because of a deep fear that [it is] a Communist trick and device to win by negotiation what they have failed to achieve on the battlefield, a deep fear that the United Nations . . . might sacrifice Korea as Koreans feel they have been sacrificed in the past to great power interests. My task was to convince President Rhee that . . . our differences lay not in objectives but in methods to be used for the achievement of a common objective." The U.S. must not in any case, Robertson added, let itself get into a tangled situation where it takes arms against "the brave people of Korea . . . who have suffered incredibly for their cause and ours."

Secretary Dulles asked Robertson what Rhee's attitude was "when you said goodbye to him." Robertson replied that the U.N. command was confident that Rhee "would offer no obstruction" to an armistice. Dulles noted that some Americans "ask if we can trust President Rhee to carry out his assurances." Said Robertson: "There are many in Korea who ask whether the Republic of Korea can trust the U.S. to carry out its assurances. I have no doubt on either score."

Dulles, who last week wound up the foreign ministers' conference (see below), defined the U.S.-British-French attitude toward a Korean armistice: "We are not suppliants. We are ready for honorable peace. But if the Communists want war, we must be ready for that, too." The three powers had agreed, said Dulles, "that we shall try our best to bring about Korean unity by peaceful means, [and] that a Korean armistice would not automatically lift our embargo on strategic goods to Red China or lead to the acceptance of Communist China in the United Nations."



TROUBLESHOOTER ROBERTSON (CENTER) AT WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE
In Seoul, a deep fear; at Panmunjom, a new building.

At Panmunjom meanwhile the Chinese drafted Korean farmers—"peace volunteers," the Reds called them—to begin hurried work on a T-shaped, wood-and-straw building to serve as the scene of the armistice signing.

Inside Story

What really happened at the Washington foreign ministers' conference was very different from what was reported in the world press. The positions actually taken by each of the three ministers throw a lot of light on the failure of the Western powers to develop a new approach to the struggle with Communism over Europe.

The background of the three foreign ministers' talks on Europe was this: the old policies are running out; mutual assistance ("donation diplomacy") will face its end next year; the European Defense Community is in grave trouble; if the French refuse to ratify EDC, the whole question of what to do about Germany is wide open again. Two months ago Sir Winston Churchill proposed direct talks between the heads of Western governments and the head of the U.S.S.R. This suggestion was enthusiastically approved by all the European neutralists and wishful thinkers. The U.S., instead, approved a French plan for a Big Three meeting

at Bermuda. Churchill's illness canceled the Bermuda meeting, and the Washington conference was substituted.

The ministers failed to agree on a top-level, open-agenda meeting with the Russians, and the press generally interpreted this as a victory for the American view. London's anti-American *New Statesman and Nation* was particularly bitter in charging Acting British Foreign Secretary Lord Salisbury with "surrender" to the Americans.

Germans Bearing Arms. The fact is that the position taken by Realist Lord Salisbury was the one least in favor of an early meeting with the Russians. He insisted that any move toward such a meeting be postponed until after the German elections and after the ratification of EDC. Those two steps, he argued, would put the Western powers in a stronger bargaining position against the Kremlin.

Most opposed to this was the French view. Georges Bidault argued that there was no chance of getting the French Assembly to ratify EDC as long as many French leaders see a possibility of a general agreement with Russia, especially an agreement on Germany, which will avoid the necessity of letting Germans rearm as members of EDC. Bidault argued that if the Russians refused the conference, or if

the conference broke down, it would be easier to get EDC through the French Assembly.

Russians Bearing Concessions? An invisible fourth party at the conference was West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer, who sent a letter advocating that the foreign ministers invite the Russians to a parley. Adenauer argued that such an invitation would help him in the German election and would help the ratification of EDC.

Somewhat surprisingly, John Foster Dulles agreed more with Bidault and Adenauer than with Salisbury. The Briton continued to argue in favor of what was expected to be the U.S. line, that it is useless and dangerous to enter into talks with the Russians on Europe until a strong Western position has been built around EDC. Finding himself alone, Salisbury reported the situation to the British cabinet, which authorized him to accept the U.S. and French view with one condition: that the French agree to go ahead with EDC regardless of the outcome of the proposed conference.

Formally, Bidault accepted this proposal, but he told the conference that in the unlikely event of the West and Russia agreeing on Germany, EDC would become unnecessary.

The conference adds up thus: Salisbury had the clearest long-range line. Dulles seemed to have few positive ideas of what the conference should do. Bidault had a narrow, short-range view, looking more toward the appeasement of the French neutralists than toward the construction of an anti-Communist Western Europe.

In the big decision of the conference, Bidault's view was more influential than the others'. By agreeing to invite the Russian foreign minister to a limited conference, the foreign ministers gained some short-run tactical advantages in French and German internal politics. For this, the price was the unreality of inviting the Russians to a conference which all three Western ministers think will fail. If the Russians are smart enough to play it the other way, a few concessions on their part might finish EDC's chances.

The most hopeful result of the conference was the discovery that in Salisbury Britain has a Foreign Secretary who can stand up for a strong line.

THE PRESIDENCY

Recruiting a Team

In the jungle heat of Washington last week President Eisenhower devoted most of his time to a torpid and sluggish Congress.

One night the President sat down to a steak dinner with 46 of the 48 freshmen Republicans from the lower house. After coffee, he gave an informal half-hour talk. Ike did not preach or threaten. He outlined the policies of his Administration and quietly explained the reasons for them. Afterwards, the Congressmen kept Ike on his feet for an hour answering a steady drumfire of questions that covered

everything from Korea to extension of the excess profits tax.

The President intensively courted Congress. At one early morning conference he spent an hour and a half with G.O.P. legislative leaders, urging passage of the refugee bill, foreign aid and ratification of the three NATO treaties. The next morning House Appropriations Chairman John Taber and members of the House Foreign Aid Subcommittee sat at the White House mess for talks about the MSA money bill.

The President was not always successful in his courtship. His lieutenants were using more muscular forms of persuasion (e.g., telephoned hints that the White House will back only those who back the



KNOWLAND & MARTIN
Until midnight if necessary.

White House) to get reluctant Congressmen in line.

A White House spokesman explained why Ike is making progress in lining up congressional majorities for future votes. "The major legislation is coming up. We're just telling all our friends that we'd like to have them on the ball team. We're letting them know that we're watching the way they vote." With the 1954 elections on the way, most Congressmen already realized how nice it would be to be on Ike's ball team.

This week Speaker Joe Martin and Acting Senate Leader Bill Knowland hurried to the White House for a conference and a progress report. After an hour and a half with the President, they agreed on a 10-point program of "must" legislation to be passed this session. "We realize that we will have to step on the gas," said Martin. Added Knowland: "I'm prepared to call the Senate at 10 o'clock or possibly 9 o'clock in the morning for the next two weeks, and we will stay until midnight if necessary."

THE CONGRESS

Action on Capitol Hill

With adjournment of Congress scheduled for the month's end, the President last week put his weight behind three major items of his program. His score: one victory, one advance, one setback. The victory: the Senate's ratification of a NATO agreement on G.I. crimes.

Advance: Refugees. Utah's Republican Senator Arthur Watkins, sponsor of the Administration bill to admit 240,000 refugees from NATO and Iron Curtain countries, asked the President to lend a hand in the hard-fought battle to get the bill reported out against the stubborn opposition of Nevada's Pat McCarran and Idaho's Herman Welker. Ike invited Watkins and McCarran to the White House, flatly turned down McCarran's compromise proposal to admit 124,000 refugees. Bolstered, Watkins went back to Capitol Hill and got a Judiciary Committee majority (not including McCarran) to agree to hold an evening session "until we're through." Result, after hours of wrangling: a bill to admit 220,000 over the course of three years. McCarran threatened to keep up the fight against the bill.

Setback: Foreign Aid. A few days after Congress authorized \$5,157,000,000 Mutual Security aid in fiscal 1954, the President, keeping well below the ceiling, submitted a request for \$5,124,000,000 in specific MSA appropriations. But the House committee, led by New York's John Taber, knocked \$705 million off the request.

Other events on Capitol Hill during the week:

❑ The Senate passed and sent to the President (who promptly signed it) the Administration bill to extend the excess-profits tax for six months.

❑ The Senate Appropriations Committee, restoring some \$77 million cut by the House, approved a defense appropriation total of \$34.5 billion, \$1.2 billion under the economy mark set by the President.

❑ Two rookies took their places on the Hill. Vice President Nixon swore in Alton A. Lennon, 46, North Carolina lawyer, as successor (by gubernatorial appointment) to the late Senator Willis Smith. House Speaker Martin swore in James B. Bowler, 78, Chicago alderman, as successor (by victory in a by-election) to the late 23-term Representative Adolph Sabath.

❑ Senate Republicans, and Democrats, too, found cheer in a bulletin from New York Hospital: "Senator Taft's condition is good. [He] fully expects to resume public duty in Washington when Congress convenes in January."

ARMED FORCES

G.I.s in NATO Courts

American colonists in the early 1770s were riled by the King's ordinance allowing British soldiers to be tried in England for civil offenses committed in the colonies. No less irritating to many Englishmen in the early 1950s was the ten-year-

old agreement which put U.S. servicemen stationed in Britain outside the jurisdiction of British courts. This irritant was formally removed last week, when the U.S. Senate ratified an addition to the North Atlantic Treaty giving foreign courts the right to try U.S. servicemen for off-duty offenses.

The NATO amendment will standardize the status of U.S. troops in all 13 NATO countries. Of these, Britain was the only one which had an official agreement in force giving members of the U.S. armed forces the right to be tried only by U.S. military courts. In the other NATO countries, the extent of local jurisdiction over U.S. troops varied, regulated by a mass of conflicting local agreements.

The change ran into some hot Senate opposition. Ohio's G.O.P. Senator John W. Bricker called the agreement "a callous disregard" of the rights of U.S. servicemen. Suppose, he warned, an American were tried for a minor violation before a Communist French judge, or a Moslem magistrate who sentenced according to Islamic law.* A tourist or commercial traveler voluntarily submits himself to the law of a country he visits. A conscripted soldier is subjected to a law he may have had neither duty nor opportunity to learn, and no share in making.

Administration leaders argued that passage of the new agreement would quiet European ill-feeling against G.I.s, now immune from civil prosecution in the countries whose laws they may break. President Eisenhower threw his personal support behind the amendment. Wrote Ike: "Failure of the U.S. to ratify . . . could result in undermining the entire U.S. military position in Europe." The next day, after some prodding by Administration forces, the Senators passed the amendment, 72 to 15.

INVESTIGATIONS

Another Bad Week

Joe McCarthy had another bad week in Washington. Just after Red-hunter J. B. Matthews' forced resignation (TIME, July 20) came blows less visible, but possibly more hurtful. Joe was 1) bluntly stopped by his fellow Republicans from carrying out his threatened investigation of the Central Intelligence Agency; 2) turned down when he asked the resigned Democratic members of his subcommittee to rejoin him; 3) faced with further pressure from the G.O.P. leadership to tone down his antics. Against these rebuffs he was able to produce one solid achievement: his subcommittee's report on Western trading with the Chinese Reds (see below). For the rest, there was only a flurry of back-pedaling statements and ingenious explanations for his difficulties.

McCarthy's threat to investigate the guarded activities of CIA came to a head

when he demanded that CIA man William P. Bundy be fired. His reason: Bundy, a son-in-law of Dean Acheson, had reportedly contributed \$400 to the Alger Hiss defense fund.

Last week, in a series of heated conferences, Vice President Richard Nixon curtly told McCarthy that Bundy, already thoroughly cleared for security, will not be fired. Furthermore, said Nixon, if Joe tried to pull CIA into his subcommittee, he would be outvoted by his fellow Republicans. To screen his defeat, Joe sent off a face-saving letter to CIA Director Allen W. Dulles, asking him to fire Bundy if the charges against him proved correct.

The Democrats, for their part, were solidly lined up to exploit McCarthy's discomfiture. When he wrote a 2,000-word

Two Billions for Offense?

In December 1950, the U.S. Government forbade U.S. merchant ships to visit Red China's ports. Since then, while the fighting in Korea has gone on, a profitable trade has been carried on between China and the outside world in the ships of other Western nations, some of whom have their own troops fighting the Reds in Korea. If this trade was sometimes mentioned, its extent was not widely recognized. This week, in a well-documented, soberly written report, Senator Joseph McCarthy's subcommittee published some startling findings on this subject.

"Since the outbreak of the Korean war," said the subcommittee, "non-Communist trade with Red China has exceeded



Associated Press
COMMITTEEMAN KARL MUNDT, CHAIRMAN MCCARTHY, & CIA CHIEF ALLEN DULLES
Moving backward by necessity.

letter to Senators John L. McClellan, Stuart Symington and Henry M. Jackson, asking them to return to their seats. All three sent back a firm "Thanks, no." Wrote Jackson: "I can find nothing in your letter that indicates any change in subcommittee policies or any desire to afford subcommittee members the authority, right and voice commensurate with their responsibility."

Behind the scenes, G.O.P. Senators were trying to work out an agreement whereby the Democrats would rejoin the committee in return for a moderation of McCarthy's tactics. Said a fellow Senate Republican: "Joe's in very bad shape, and we've told him so."

Early this week, in an interview on NBC's *Meet the Press* program, Joe tried to clear up his setbacks with some typical explanations. The Democrats had left his subcommittee, he said, because they feared to join the other members in exposing the "graft and corruption" of the Truman Administration. He added that criticism of his chief investigator, 26-year-old Roy Cohn, was the "most flagrant, most shameful example of anti-Semitism I ever saw."

\$2 billion. Even after three years of war, this trade is not only flourishing but is increasing . . . In the first quarter of this year, the dollar value of exports from Western Europe to China has been greater than for the first three months of any year since 1948 . . . It is known that China is on a full war economy, and carries on trade only in those items which assist her war effort."

McCarthy's investigators found that, since the beginning of the Korean war, some 450 Western-flag vessels have made 2,000 trips to Chinese ports. Exactly what they carried is anybody's guess. There have been some flagrant examples, however, of traffic in strategic materials. Several ships, after delivering U.S. cargoes of Mutual Security Agency material to Formosa, on later voyages transported oil to China. The most damaging series of shipments is the traffic in natural rubber now going on between Ceylon and China. In return for rice, Ceylon has agreed to send the Chinese 50,000 tons of rubber annually for five years.

The leading target of the McCarthy report was Great Britain, whose flag was flown by 100 of the 162 ships cited for

* E.g., strict Islamic law, still occasionally enforced in Saudi Arabia, demands that a thief's hand be cut off.

1953. The British, said the report, have done nothing to crack down on Hong Kong shipping firms, which operate 68 vessels as fronts for their actual owners, the Chinese Communists. Next in line for the subcommittee's strictures were the State Department and MSA. Charged the investigators: "Since the beginning of the Korean war, our Government has had no clear-cut policy on China trade by our allies: they had inadequate factual information as to the kind, extent and effect of the trade; they lacked the forcefulness and vigor necessary to convince our allies that they should ban this trade. . . ."

Senator McCarthy, with this report, had scored a solid blow—above the belt for a change.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Appointments

Last week the White House announced these appointments and nominations:

¶ Commissioner of the Bureau of Reclamation: Wilbur App Dexheimer, 52, veteran (25 years) Reclamation Bureau engineer. Dexheimer was an associate engineer on the Hoover Dam project, built airstrips in China during World War II as General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's staff engineer, helped solve postwar dam problems in Australia, Formosa and Mexico. His name was submitted by Interior Secretary Douglas McKay after the White House turned down the nomination of Marvin Nichols, a hydraulics and sewage engineer, and a Texas Democrat. Although he supported Ike in 1952, Nichols also served Harry Truman as nickel adviser to General Services Administrator Jess Larson, was deeply involved in the sticky affairs of GSA's big Nicaro nickel plant in Cuba. After the facts of the Nicaro mess were told in the June issue of FORTUNE, the White House turned thumbs down on Nichols' appointment.

¶ Chairman of the National Labor Relations Board: Guy Farmer, 41, a hard-working, white-haired labor lawyer, Farmer served as an NLRB lawyer during Franklin Roosevelt's Administration. Later, in private practice, he represented management clients, but kept the respect of labor unions by scrupulously fair courtroom performances.

¶ Administrator of Veterans Affairs: Harvey V. Higley, 60, a Wisconsin banker, businessman (the Ansel Chemical Co.), politician (onetime state Republican chairman), and former state commander of the American Legion.

¶ Commissioner of Indian Affairs: Glenn L. Emmons, 57, a Gallup, N.Mex. banker and longtime friend and popular partisan of the Navajo, Hopi, Zuni, Ute, Apache and Pueblo tribes in his neighborhood. As commissioner, said Emmons, he will aim to "liquidate the trusteeship of the Indians as quickly as possible," and make them self-supporting citizens.

¶ Ambassador to Yugoslavia: James W. Riddleberger, 48, foreign-service careerist, veteran of the postwar Battle for Berlin



Walter Bennett
COMMISSIONER EMMONS
Independence for Indians.

(political adviser to General Lucius Clay and High Commissioner John J. McCloy) and, for the past year, director of the State Department's Bureau of German Affairs.

¶ Ambassador to Turkey: Avra M. Warren, 59, longtime (32 years) foreign serviceman, former Ambassador to Pakistan and the Dominican Republic, Minister to Finland.

¶ Ambassador to Ethiopia: Dr. Joseph Simonson, 49, a Lutheran clergyman from Glen Cove, L.I.

¶ Ambassador to Liberia: Jess Dwight Locker, 62, a prominent Cincinnati Negro leader and lawyer, six-time member of the city council, an amateur cook.



Carl Iwasaki
COMMISSIONER DEXHEIMER
Reclamation for Australians.

POLITICAL NOTES

The Firemen

The Eisenhower Administration has a tendency to explain its troubles as inherited from Truman. Last week at a Washington party, Republican Chairman Leonard Hall told a story, kidding his party's line. A drunk, said Hall, was pulled out of a flaming bed in a hotel room and charged with arson. Next day he had a ready explanation for the judge. "Why, your honor," he said, "I couldn't have done it. That bed was on fire when I got into it."

Oldtime Campaigning

With every passing year, U.S. political campaigning seems to grow more mechanized, more firmly keyed to the billboard, the advertising agency, the radio microphone and the television camera. But there are still political backwaters in the U.S. where the techniques of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn are unknown, where politics is a highly personal (and sometimes dangerous) activity, and where voters solemnly consider a candidate's relatives and his need of work as well as his qualifications for office.

Floyd County, Ky., whose 55,000 poor, proud and clannish hill folk are mostly descended straight from early English settlers, is such a political museum. Last week 144 Floyd County citizens were running for local office and campaigning (at funerals, churches and front doors) for the August primary. The following pieces of political advertising, run in the Floyd County Times, reflected the old-fashioned tone of the contests.

¶ For sheriff—Scott Compton of Alpha-reta, Ky.: "I have been a coal miner for 33 years and also a deputy sheriff of this county for eleven years. I have not shot or killed anyone, nor have I beat up anyone. I am the son of John Compton and Ida Hall Compton of Mud Creek."

¶ For constable—Jewel D. ("Stinky") Fitzpatrick: "Since my election as constable last year to fill an unexpired term, I have conducted the office exactly as I promised the people . . . It hasn't meant much money to me, but the little I have made has been a great help. As most of you know, my eyesight is such that I cannot do other work which would pay me more. If I were a strong man, with normal vision . . . I would not bother you again about voting for me. But we all must accept things as they are and do the best we can . . ."

¶ For jailer—A. J. Allen of Garrett, Ky.: "My relationship on my father's side is that George Allen was my grandfather. Grandmother Allen was the daughter of James P. Patton. My mother was Reuben Stephens' daughter. I am the son of Andrew Allen. My grandmother Stephens was the sister of the late L. Hicks and Jonathan Hicks, of Middle Creek. I married the daughter of Bud Handshoe, of Hueysville, Ky. Her mother was the daughter of Hi Fitch. The deceased George Fitch, of the Mouth of Brush Creek, was her uncle. A few words to

mothers: If your son happens to get in jail, I will see that he has good treatment, plenty to eat and a decent place to sleep."

¶ Tax commissioner—Clive Akers: "Friends, most of you know me and you know my record. My grandfathers were Jake (J.P.) Akers and Alamander (Squint) Martin..."

¶ For sheriff—Troy B. Sturgill: "No person should be given this great responsibility... if he is not a sober man. I have not taken a drink of anything intoxicating for more than twelve years... The sheriff must be reasonable and certainly not a 'hot head.' You never know when your son... will fall in the path of an arresting officer, and... you must certainly do not want your son abused and beaten by a 'hot head'... I have never in my life had an indictment returned against me or a warrant issued for me. I have never been arraigned before twelve of my citizens to be tried for any crime. Decide from the truth... and records, not from misleading, false, smearing gossip."

¶ For county clerk—Imogene Stumbo Moore: In 153 years Floyd County has never elected a woman to any county office other than superintendent of schools. But in an advertisement, Mrs. Moore's father-in-law explains why he believes old prejudices should be scrapped in her case. "Some of you may feel that a woman should not run for office. Let me ask you: What office did you ever go in that the women weren't doing the biggest part of the work?... Imogene's husband, and my son, Clyde, is unable to work at the present time. He has a ruptured disk in his back and you know what that means to a miner. He may be helped by operation and he may not be, but he needs help now so I ask each and every one of you to help him by giving his wife a vote (X) for county clerk."

CHILDREN

Love Story

When lean 50-year-old American Airlines Captain Elkins Floyd and his wife Mary were newlyweds, back in 1925, they resolved to raise a big family. A son was born, but as the years passed it became apparent that they would have no more children. The boy, Royce, became the focal point of their lives. He grew into a fine, strapping youth, was drafted into the Army after World War II, served in occupation forces in Germany, and came back to their home in Los Angeles determined to become a pilot like his father. "My ambition," he told the delighted airlines captain, "is to fly with you as your co-pilot."

To further his ambition, the Floyds built a small-craft landing strip in front of their house. Simply by standing near his front door, Pilot Floyd could watch his son's progress. One day in 1949 he watched the boy die: the youth's plane came down for a landing and crashed directly before his horrified father. For months after that the Floyds lived in a

sort of daze. Finally Mrs. Floyd decided to adopt another child.

On a visit to Virginia, she stopped at a Methodist orphanage, saw a 13-year-old girl named Nellie Marie and instantly resolved to make the child her foster daughter. But almost immediately her hopes were checked. Nellie had four younger brothers and sisters, acted as a sort of mother to the group, and could not bear the thought of being separated from them. The Floyds knew they could not support five children without lowering their own level of living, and they were afraid it might be folly to take on a whole new family. Mrs. Floyd had seen only two of the children and Floyd himself had seen none of them. They gambled anyhow—in a fashion which would probably have appalled a social worker—and decided almost overnight to adopt the five.

Neither ever regretted their decision. Floyd's heart was won at the moment he



United Press

MARY FLOYD & ADOPTED FAMILY

After one death at the front door, five normal lives.

called in a station wagon to pick up the two boys, each of whom was quartered in a different home. As soon as the youngsters met, they hugged each other, and the oldest turned, beaming at Floyd, and said: "I've been praying that somebody would adopt us all. You're gonna make a swell dad." Most of the difficulties which the Floyds had anticipated melted away. American Airlines obligingly shipped all five children to California on passes. The Floyds managed a bigger house. The children took to them from the beginning.

For three years the middle-aged couple tried to adopt publicity about their new family. But last week they proudly exhibited them on a Chicago television show, and were rewarded once again when Nellie, now 17 and pretty, said: "We think the most important thing about all this is how wonderful Mother and Dad have been in giving us normal lives."

THE DRAFT

The Congressman's Son

"The local board does not have the heart to induct other boys of this county into active service when Mr. Beamer [is] allowed to remain at home through apparent political influence..."

With that announcement, the three-man draft board of Wabash County, Ind., resigned in a body last week. Reason: Selective Service headquarters in Washington had asked the board to postpone induction of a Congressman's son, John V. Beamer Jr., 24, an engineer. His employer, Procter & Gamble Co., had requested an occupational deferment. Said the board's chairman: "We thought we had [Beamer] in the Army, where he belongs. But some sinister influence or individual in Washington saw fit to interfere."

When it heard of the local board's resignation, Selective Service headquarters in

Washington quickly disallowed Procter & Gamble's request. Congressman Beamer, who represents Indiana's Fifth District (including Wabash County), protested that neither he nor his son "contacted Selective Service on any level in an effort to secure deferment," and charged that the county board's action was political. And in Honolulu, where he is honeymooning, young Beamer said—and he was probably right—that he expected to be drafted soon.

THE LAW

Compassion

Two old men—Judge Clyde I. Webster, 75, who held court from his sickbed, and Mercy Killer William R. Jones, 62, who sat at his side to be sentenced—wept with compassion for each other in Detroit one day last week. The judge's tears came as



KILLER LOOBY (WITH BANDAGED EYE) & ACCUSER DEADY
On a quiet street, an extraordinary hatred.

he considered the anguish which led Jones to electrocute his wife, Barbara, a sufferer from incurable diabetes, who had lost both legs and suffered agonizing pain. Jones wept as the judge explained that he could not condone the killing but could only "show you every consideration." "I want to thank you," said Jones, after getting a one-to-five-year sentence, "but I can't talk."

CRIME

Parking Problem

David Looby sat on the veranda of his brown, one-story frame house on a humid Chicago night last week, and listened bitterly to a murmur of voices on the porch of Neighbor Mark Deady across the street. David Looby, 53, is an ordinary citizen, a stocky municipal electrical foreman who earns \$650 a month and goes regularly to Sunday Mass at St. Margaret of Scotland Roman Catholic Church. But he nursed an extraordinary hatred for a clerk named Ralph Adams who had been courting 35-year-old Mary Deady for five years. Reason: Ralph Adams was in the habit of parking his automobile in front of Looby's house.

Looby had no garage and felt that he had a right to reserve the curb space in front of his home for himself. A series of quarrels with Adams had turned Looby's concern over his parking rights into an obsession. And now, in the glow of the street light, he saw the familiar and maddening shape of the clerk's automobile before his house again. When Adams finally left the Deady porch, Looby could not contain himself. He ran down into the street muttering wildly: "Parking in front of my home—" In seconds, the two men were swinging at each other.

Mary Deady's brothers broke up the fight and led Adams back to their house

again. But five minutes later Looby was out on the street calling, "Come over here, you!" Adams came—with Mary Deady clinging to his arm. Looby aimed a .25 caliber pistol at him and fired twice. Adams dropped, moaning. "Oh, no. Oh, no," Mary Deady began praying beside him. Ralph Adams was dead in minutes.

At the inquest Looby sat with bowed head and listened to Spinster Deady's trembling voice again. "Ralph was shot down like a dog because he parked his car," she cried. "You ruined my life when you shot down the man I loved. He didn't even have a chance to say, 'My God, forgive my sins.'" David Looby was charged with murder.



U.S. Marine Corps
MARINE SERGEANT IRELAND
Said the commandant: "Let him fight."

HEROES

Servant of the Lord

Near Joplin last week, the state of Missouri and the U.S. Government established the first national monument ever dedicated to a U.S. Negro: a 210-acre memorial to George Washington Carver who was born a slave and became one of the foremost of American agricultural scientists. Even as an old man, benighted and toothless, white-cropped Scientist Carver never stopped his inspired pattering in the laboratory he developed at Alabama's Tuskegee Institute.

Carver had one great objective: to free the South from industrial bondage to the North. With tools originally assembled from scrap-heap oddments, he developed more than 300 synthetic products from peanuts, including cheese, soap, flour and linoleum, and more than 100 products from the sweet potato. "I go into the laboratory," he once said, "and God tells me what to do."

Fighting Man

In the annals of the U.S. Marine Corps, slight, wiry Sergeant Albert Luke Ireland of Cold Spring, N.Y., is a man of great distinction: he holds more Purple Heart citations than any other marine on record. Last week, after the Marine Corps had finally got around to giving his combat wounds their due, Ireland was the owner of a white-striped purple ribbon with eight gold stars.

Ireland, 35, who also has eight battle stars, a Bronze Star and two individual citations, began his military career in 1941 by enlisting in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Five days after Pearl Harbor, he joined the U.S. Marines.

While helping man a machine gun on Guadalcanal in January 1943, he got his first wound: two slivers of Japanese shrapnel ripped into his back and lodged in his left lung. Considering that a "scratch," he stayed up front with his platoon; but malaria finally laid him low. In the spring of 1945 he was back in action. He was wounded in the arm and leg by grenade fragments, in the face and in the hip by shrapnel, then in the face again by a sniper's bullet.

After his discharge, Ireland spent a year as a Veterans Administration patient. When the U.S. got into the Korean war he promptly reenlisted in the Marines. Since the corps has a rule against sending men with more than two Purple Hearts into combat, Ireland needed special authorization to get into a front-line unit. The word came down from the Marines' commandant, General Clifton B. Cates: "If the sergeant wants to fight, let him fight."

In Korea, Ireland led an infantry rocket section, and in due course he got shrapnel in the neck, leg and hand, mortar fragments in the face. That was too much for the Marine Corps, which in December 1951 sternly shipped Ireland home, despite his protests that he was still able and willing to fight.

INTERNATIONAL

TRUCE TALKS

Ready to Sign?

A skeptical and anxious world wondered whether more than three years of fighting and two years of truce talking were at last nearly at an end. This week the Communist delegates at Panmunjom said that they were ready to talk about signing the Korean armistice.

The sudden break came after a week of secret sessions, punctuated by delays, recesses and recriminations, and accompanied by bloody warfare (see below). Nam Il & Co. asked for, and stayed until they got, U.N. assurances and clarifications about Syngman Rhee's future behavior. Then over Peking radio they broadcast the details of the secret sessions so that they would be on record. The U.N. had been quite explicit.

The Answer Is Yes. Nam asked General Harrison (the U.N. senior delegate) if the South Koreans would cease fire and withdraw from the 2½-mile-wide buffer zone within twelve hours of the signing. Harrison's answer: "The ROK forces will cease fire and withdraw." Would the U.N. Command abide by the armistice even if the ROKs started fighting again? Said Harrison: "The answer is yes." Was there any time limit on the ROK agreement not to wreck the truce? Harrison answered: "There is no time limit to the armistice."

The Communists were still nettled over Syngman Rhee's release of 27,000 North Korean prisoners, but said with an elaborately magnanimous air that they would not let this matter impede a truce any longer, though they reserved the right to bring it up again at the post-truce political conference.

The U.N. assurances of South Korean cooperation "will only be accepted at their face value," said Nam Il. "If such a policy of connivance of the U.N. Command toward the South Korean government and forces continues, it is possible that the implementation [of the agreement] will continue to be obstructed, before or after the armistice. . . . The Korean and Chinese side will . . . have the right to take action against aggression in self-defense. . . ."

Unhappy ROKs. Despite this bristling and ambiguous language, the U.N. Command was "very encouraged." Outside the tent, South Korean newsmen could not conceal their unhappiness at the U.N. concessions. Their argument: that the agreement is an open invitation to let the Reds ruff South Korea about at will, while the U.N. withholds aid of all kinds: the ROKs could suffer huge losses just on the say-so of the Reds that they had been attacked first, and the harm done before the neutral commission could decide the issue.

Why, with the truce seemingly so near, were the Reds still attacking so fiercely on the battlefield? U.N. observers could think of several Communist motivations: a) to wipe out a discomforting U.N. salient and get more territory for them-

selves; 2) to gain prestige in the closing hours; 3) to punish the ROKs—or rather to punish Rhee by bloodying the ROKs—and convince them they could get nowhere against Communist power if they fought alone.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Action at Kumsong Salient

Just when a truce seemed near, the Communists rekindled the fighting war with unexpected vigor. In a driving rain one night, Chinese Communist bugles shrilled, signal flares blossomed under the low clouds. Then, on the mountainous

through the bore of their weapon, fired point-blank at onrushing Reds and escaped with their gun. Other crews had to destroy their guns with grenades before they fell back; one U.S. artillery battalion lost 300 in killed and captured.

The next morning Allied howitzers and trucks lay sprawled in the ditch along a supply road called the "Goat Trail." Not many ROKs showed up at aid stations or mobile hospitals; most of their wounded were in enemy hands. Stragglers without guns and helmets, and sometimes without shoes, appeared one by one. When asked where their equipment was, they shrugged. One said, "A helmet makes more noise in



United Press

ROKs RETREATING ON CENTRAL FRONT
Through the rain, shrilling bugles and green flares.

central front, 17,000 Chinese Reds hit the crack ROK Capitol Division and three other South Korean outfits in the heaviest enemy attack in two years.

There were 26 assaults on an 18-mile sector, along that part of the front that bulged north through the old Iron Triangle and passed just below Kumsong. Under overwhelming force, the ROKs wavered and broke. Some went back as far as ten miles before they were regrouped and turned around.

Noisy Helmets. At one place the Chinese captured a U.N. half-track mounting four .50-caliber machine guns. When a group of combat-dazed South Koreans, shuffling back to the rear, saw the half-track, they ignored it, thinking it was in friendly hands. The Chinese in the vehicle pressed the firing button and held it down. Luckily for the ROKs who survived, the Chinese apparently did not know how to reload, and when the .50s stopped firing they jumped out and disappeared.

One U.S. artillery crew, sighting

the bushes than the man who's wearing it does."

Sizzling Barrels. In the lowering weather, there was no U.N. air support. The U.N.'s booming Long Tom 155s, 105-mm. howitzers and multiple heavy machine guns filled the valleys with their clamor. Gun barrels got so hot that they sizzled in the rain. Supply truck crews struggling through red-brown mud quickly dumped their shell loads at new gun positions and headed back for more.

Casualties were severe on both sides. When the weather cleared and U.N. planes began raking the flow of Chinese reinforcements, the attacks petered out. The Hwachon dam and reservoir (supplying most of Seoul's electric power) and the U.N. communications hubs at Chhorwon and Kumbwa, which had seemed threatened under the first impetus of enemy attack, were safe. A new U.N. first line was established at the base of the Kumsong salient. But the salient itself was gone. At the cost of thousands of lives,

the proposed armistice line was a little straighter—in the Communists' favor.

This week, attacking in a different sector, the Communists forced U.S. Marines to abandon two outposts, known as Berlin and East Berlin.

The Navy's First Ace

Naval Lieut. Guy P. Bordelon, now 31, spent eleven years waiting for a crack at enemy planes. He got his wings in World War II, but, as he says, "when the war ended, I had seen one Japanese aircraft—one they showed us back in flight-training days." In Korea, enemy aircraft seemed as far away as ever: Bordelon was assigned to a prop-driven F-4U Corsair—no match for a MIG-15—and set about the essential but dull task of attacking Communist supply lines.

Last month at last, Aviator Bordelon got his chance. Nearly every night, single-engine, Russian-made airplanes were sneaking across U.N. lines, dropping small bombs on Seoul and Kimp'o airfields. Against these bothersome "Bedcheck Charlies," high-speed jets were helpless: they could not turn tightly enough to draw a bead on ancient trainers and bi-planes. The Air Force called for Navy help, and up flew Lieut. Bordelon in his World War II vintage Corsair.

Last week Guy Bordelon shot down his fifth "Bedcheck Charlie" and became the Navy's first ace of the Korean war. Gratefully, the Navy gave him the Navy Cross.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA Sky Raid

For the first time since the death of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny early in 1952, the French carried the Indo-China war to the enemy.

Shortly after dawn one day last week, 3,000 French and Vietnamese paratroopers dropped out of U.S.-made transport planes and floated down on the ancient gateway town of Langson (pop. 7,400), only eleven miles south of the China border. Quickly the soldiers slipped out of their chute harness, jogged through town, and headed for the deep limestone caves where the rebel armies of Ho Chi Minh had cached war matériel. Taken by surprise, the Viet Minh garrison fled. Systematically, the French set to work destroying enough Communist supplies to equip two Red divisions. In twelve busy hours, paratroopers burned 20,000 liters of gasoline, set off 5,000 tons of ammunition and explosives. They seized 200 machine guns and automatic rifles, 1,000 light machine guns, six Molotov trucks, engines, machinery and a stock of penicillin. They demolished the Ky Cung River bridges, across which flows the bulk of the 3,000 tons a month of supplies which Red China sends to Ho Chi Minh.

It was a fine opportunity, and the French made the most of it. Red General Vo Nguyen Giap had become overconfident, counting on French reluctance to leave the safety of their forts. He reckoned without France's offensive-minded new commander in Indo-China, General

Henri Eugène Navarre. The attack at Langson cost the Reds two months' supplies, and gave notice that from now on Giap would have to think of his supply line before rampaging around the countryside.

Their work done, the French paratroopers buried down *Route Coloniale No. 4* towards the sea, accompanied by 200 Langson civilians fleeing the Communists. Their routes led through Communist-held jungles, but Navarre had allowed for that, too. A strong French mobile group of infantry with tanks and artillery pushed halfway up *Route 4* to meet them. Total French casualties: two dead, 20 wounded.

COMMUNISTS

The Comrade Generals

The Soviet Union's all-embracing police system had its origin about 35 years ago as an extraordinary emergency commission, called the Cheka, to combat sabotage and counter-revolutionary activities. In the civil war it became a kind of battle gendarmerie empowered to execute Whites and waverers in the Red army. With the end of the civil war, the Cheka switched its attention back to civil affairs, but it never loosened its hold on the army. The system of commissars and political instructors, which extends down through the army command to company level, is Chekist, and popularly called so, though the official name has changed many times—OGPU, GPU, NKVD, MGB, MVD.

The control is ruthless: when a group of high army officers, led by Marshal Tukhachevsky, tried to throw off Chekist control in 1937, they were liquidated, along with some 30,000 regular career officers. Behind every high Red army commander in World War II stood a Chekist with the power to veto military orders. The system paid off: Chekist disregard for life accounted for some of the Red army's

more daring and costly victories. With the war's end, many of the Red army's greatest marshals were not soldiers, but cops. Such a one is goateed Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, now Minister for Defense.

Last week in Moscow, Bulganin called a meeting of the top army Chekists and a sprinkling of those genuine fighting marshals who are regularly on call to give lustre to Chekist authority. Purpose of the meeting: to pledge support of Premier Georgy Malenkov's arrest of Internal Affairs (MVD) Minister Lavrenty Beria, himself an oldtime Chekist (TIME, July 20). The declaration was intended to 1) end speculation that the army may have acted independently of the government in the arrest of Beria, and 2) preserve the front of solidarity behind which the struggle for power is raging. It could not help but raise another speculative question: If the powerful army Chekists are behind Malenkov, may they not be riding him?

Behind the façade of solidarity, the purge went on. Beria men were falling.

¶ Ousted in Azerbaijan: Premier Mir Dzhafar Bagirov, one of four alternate members of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. This was the highest-ranking arrest since Beria's.

¶ Ousted in Georgia: Internal Affairs (MVD) Minister Vladimir Dekanazov, put in the job by Beria after Stalin's death, onetime Ambassador to Germany (1940-41). The purge in Beria's native Georgia was made by General Aleksei Antonov, a wartime army chief of staff.

¶ Ousted in East Germany: Justice Minister Max Fechner. His replacement: a woman, swarthy Hilde Benjamin, 51, popularly known as the "Red Guillotine," a jurist with a reputation for dealing mercilessly with offenses against the Communist regime.

COLD WAR

The Problem Is Germany

The biggest issue in the cold war is Germany—whether to rearm it, how to unite it. For a month or more, Western diplomacy had been bedeviled by inertia and irresolution, while the loosening lines of Soviet control in the East offered opportunity and threat. Last week the West stirred, and with some success.

Acting on the week-old advice of West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, President Eisenhower dramatically offered \$15 million worth of food to hungry East Germany, and gave the Reds a chance to refuse it. They did, calling the offer an "insult," and thereby stood convicted of condemning East Germans to hunger. U.S. food supplies would still be shipped to Germany, and pictures of U.S. freighters, Hamburg-bound with milk, lard and flour, blazed in Europe's newspapers.

Sensing its advantage, the West took other confident steps:

Politics. When the East-German puppet government proposed a discussion of all-German elections, Konrad Adenauer's government (to the applause of even its Socialist opponents) dismissed the bid in



PILOT BORDELON

For Bedcheck Charley, an awakening.

United Press

a single blistering sentence: "One does not negotiate with marionettes."

Economics. The West German *Industrie Institut* made East German mouths water by publishing the facts & figures of West Germany's boom. Bonn's gold and foreign-currency reserves are at an alltime high (\$1.4 billion), at least twice those of France. West Germans are eating better, building more homes (440,000 last year) than at any other time since the war.

Diplomacy. At their foreign ministers' conference in Washington (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS), the Big Three got Chancellor Adenauer off an embarrassing hook. Communist propaganda has stressed one magic word: *Einheit* (unity). The West's (and Adenauer's) answer was more complicated to explain and less attractive to sell: unification only after integration, i.e., after West Germany is safely armed inside the European Defense Community, the cumbersome French plan for a six-nation European Army. In effect, this seemed to be putting second what most Germans wanted put first. The only issue likely to defeat Adenauer at the Sept. 6 elections is German unity, a cause that his Socialist opponents have tried to monopolize.

Recognizing the "unanimous desire of the German people for unity in freedom," the foreign ministers invited the Soviet Union to a short four-power conference "about the end of September." The timing was perfect. With a Big Four conference slated to meet a few weeks after the election, Adenauer can campaign on the unity ticket without abandoning his endorsement of EDC. This should win him votes. But because the conference would not meet until after the polls are closed, Adenauer is less likely to be subjected to embarrassing Soviet "offers," whose rejection might lose him votes.

Adenauer was delighted. Fundtits agreed that his chances had soared overnight.

Hogs & Cherries

The "battle of the butter" began in Berlin last week. Days after the Communist refusal of President Eisenhower's offer of U.S. food relief, Socialist Willy Kressmann, borough mayor of the West Berlin district of Kreuzberg, dipped into his community chest, opened four mobile food stores in Oranienplatz, a market place only 200 yards from the East sector border. Loudspeakers manned by West German policemen sent Mayor Kressmann's invitation booming into Communist Berlin: "Fresh fruit and vegetables—come and get it!"

The rush was so great that the stores sold out in the first hour and had to be replenished. Lining up in block-long queues, hungry East Berliners bought 25,000 kilos of potatoes, 12,000 liters of milk at a fraction of the prices charged in their Communist paradise (to encourage customers. Kressmann accepted East zone marks at par, instead of at the usual price of five East marks to one West mark). Anyone who could produce an East German identity card had his choice of five oranges (at 1¢ apiece) or two pounds of cherries (3¢ a pound). Said an old wom-



EAST BERLINERS DRINKING MILK IN WEST BERLIN
Across the border, promises and tanks.

Ray Rowan—Life

an counting her oranges: "Unbelievable! I haven't had an orange in years."

In Wedding and Neukölln boroughs, the scene was the same. Hungry, hurrying thousands, carrying empty bottles and string bags, streamed into West Berlin to buy a few cupfuls of milk and a handful of fresh cherries. This week they were back, with thousands more. Mayor Kressmann gave East Germans food coupons enabling each to buy five marks' worth of butter, margarine, meat and other foods.

In a hapless attempt to redeem themselves, the Communist government announced that 84 carloads of hogs, 39 carloads of fish and nine carloads of butter were on the way to East Germany from Red Poland. But while this much conciliation continued, the Communist rulers began to talk a tough line, and demanded discipline in their own ranks. Sixteen East German workers, accused of rioting, were sentenced to long prison terms, and Soviet T-34 tanks were once again seen on the outskirts of East Berlin.

SEQUELS

Forgiving Neighbor

In February 1945, as the U.S. Sixth and Eighth Armies closed in on Manila from north, east and south, the Japanese garrison went berserk, killing 40,000 Filipinos in a 20-day orgy. Among those machine-gunned to death in the streets: the wife and three of the children of the man who is now President of the Philippine Republic, Elpidio Quirino. After the war, the Philippine government condemned 70 Japanese to death and 43 more to long prison terms, for these and hundreds of other atrocities. Charged with "command responsibility" for the rape of Manila, Lieut. General Shizuo Yokoyama was sentenced to death.

In Manila last week, Shizuo Yokoyama, now 68 and tuberculous, plodded up a gangway, bowing and smiling, and boarded the Japanese steamer *Hakusan Maru*.

With him on the way to Japan were 105 other war criminals, the last of the Japanese invaders to leave the Philippines. They too were a far different-looking lot from the domineering Japanese soldiers who once lorded over and terrorized the Filipino populace, and left behind 91,180 non-combatant Filipino dead. In a surprise amnesty, President Quirino (now in Baltimore's Johns Hopkins hospital) had commuted 56 death sentences to life imprisonment in Japan, and pardoned all those serving prison terms. Later he even pardoned three of the men once sentenced to die. Said the President: "I do not want my children and my people to inherit from me hate for people who yet might be our friends . . . After all, destiny has made us neighbors."

On board the *Hakusan Maru*, prisoners changed their PW-stamped olive drab and khaki for white shirts and trousers, squatted down eagerly for a Japanese meal of baked sea bream, rice and sake. Said Yokoyama: "The memory of the destruction and murder committed in the Philippines will remain with me as a nightmare that I will carry to my grave . . ."

Aboard the ship also went 17 black wooden boxes containing the ashes of war criminals whose death sentences had already been carried out. Conspicuously missing: the bodies of General Tomoyuki Yamashita, the "Tiger of Malaya," who was hanged unceremoniously in February 1946, and Lieut. General Masaharu Homma of Bataan death march notoriety, who was shot by a firing squad. Their bodies could not be found in a sugarcane field where they were thought to have been buried.

The Japanese were surprised and delighted by the unexpected amnesty. Said Tokyo's English-language *Nippon Times*: "Nobility of spirit . . . made this possible . . . It is easy for us to beg forgiveness, but how difficult it must be for the Filipino people, who were so brutally treated, to forgive us."

NEWS IN PICTURES

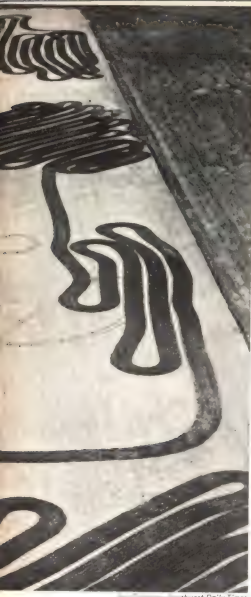


Golden Gate—San Francisco Chronicle

Times Herald



PUNCTURED PILOT: Freighter Hawaiian Pilot, with 30 ft. of her bow stove in, limps past Aleutian Island after collision with Freighter Jacob Luckenbach in thick fog 17 miles off Golden Gate. Hit amidships, Luckenbach sank in 40 minutes, but Pilot stood by, rescued all 49 crewmen.



See Cooper—Southwest Daily Times



International

GOOD SCOUT: "Uncle" Otto Hornung, 77, a Scout for past 45 years, answers chow call at Jamboree of 50,000 in Newport Beach, Calif.

DROUGHT DESIGN: Kansas farmer, fighting erosion on dry fields, turns up furrows of moist earth to keep topsoil from blowing away.



OLD COWHAND! Junketing to Madrid for opening of Conrad Hilton's new, \$3,000,000 Castellana Hilton, Cowboy Star Gary Cooper tries his hand at old Spanish custom. At ranch where young heifers are tested to see if they qualify as future mothers

of brave bulls, Actor Cooper first holds out red bullfighter's cape (left), puts on sunglasses while taking heifer's charge (center), loses his glasses and scampers back to safety of barrier (right). Said Cooper afterward: "I never saw such an enormous beast."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

The Princess & Her Public

Cheerfully battling a brisk breeze at London Airport for mastery of her smart, flared skirt, Britain's 22-year-old Princess Margaret seemed singularly free of care as she returned home from Africa with her mother last week. But in their papers and over their teacups, her sister's subjects, with rising heat, were arguing the pros & cons of a possible marriage between her and 38-year-old R.A.F. Group Captain Peter Townsend (TIME, July 20), now safely banished to an office in the British embassy at Brussels. There was still no official or royal-family confirmation of the romance, and much tussling in the respectable press at the propriety of even discussing it. Unabashed, London's tabloid *Daily Mirror* charged boldly into the heart of the matter by conducting a poll of its readers. Of 70,142 *Mirror* readers who wrote in, 67,907 urged that Princess Margaret be allowed to marry her divorced airman if she wished to; 2,235 said that she should not.

Périgord Between His Hands

The trouble about gifted men is that they can never escape their gifts. Hilaire Belloc was gifted, and though he wrote millions of words of prose, scored thousands of arguments, everything finally was resolved in rhyme, which was his gift. Nothing in his histories, noted for their dogged Catholicism, is more scathing than his four lines about Protestant Queen Anne's Lord Treasurer, Godolphin:

*I heard today Godolphin say
He never gave himself away.
Come, come, Godolphin, scion of Kings,
Be generous in little things.*

Belloc's grandmother came from a noted Anglo-Irish family; his father was a French lawyer; his mother was a distinguished English suffragette. He was born near Paris and, though educated at Oxford, retained his French nationality long enough to be drafted into the French army. At 32 he became a British subject, and later was elected to the House of Commons. Of his nationalistic duality he wrote:

*Almighty God will surely say,
St. Michael, who is his that stands
With Ireland in his doubtful eyes
And Périgord between his hands,*

*And on his arm the stirrup-thongs,
And in his gait the narrow seas,
And on his mouth Burgundian songs,
And in his heart the Pyrenees?*

Fancies & Dogma. His literary career began at Oxford with a book of verse, but he made his name as a walker. He tramped across the Alps from Lorraine to Rome, and his exuberant, youthful *Path to Rome* is a little classic of exhibitionist travel. For the next half-century, essays, history, epigrams, satires, fiction poured from his

pen, sometimes at the rate of five volumes a year.

In public lectures and political speeches he talked scornfully over the heads of his audience. He marched into a room, four-square as a quartermaster, his eyes leveled in search of adversaries. The pockets of his tweedy clothes were stuffed with notes and documents, his hard fighting head was bursting with brains, his mouth crammed with literary fancies and rigid dogma, and his big chin raised good-humoredly for blows. A member of the old Liberal Party, he pitched his speeches on too high an



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HILAIRE BELLOC

Between four devils and the deep sea.

intellectual level for success; but the precise malice of his rhymes, directed at the Tory aristocracy, delighted everybody:

*Lord Finchley tried to mend the
Electric Light
Himself. It struck him dead; and
serve him right!
It is the business of the wealthy man
To give employment to the artisan.*

Belloc held that "all political questions are ultimately theological." In the debate with the rationalists, he became chief Roman Catholic protagonist, wrote political novels as a counterblast to those of H. G. Wells, pamphlets at George Bernard Shaw and the Fabian Socialists. He converted G. K. Chesterton to the Roman Catholic Church, and a critic has described Shaw addressing the formidable Chesterton: "But there dawned a day—a terrible day for you—when Hilaire Belloc loomed into your life. Then indeed you were lost forever. He made you dignify your monstrosities with the name of Faith . . . he turned your pranks into prayers, your

somersaults into sacraments, your oddities into oblations . . . your fun turned to fury." But Hilaire Belloc could shrug off a critic in three devastating lines:

*The Llama is a woolly sort of fleecy
haired goat,
With an indolent expression and an
undulating throat
Like an unsuccessful literary man.*

His poem of hate to the "Remote and ineffectual Don that dared attack my Chesterton" is in the anthologies. Together Belloc and Chesterton created the modern legend of a medieval England vigorous in its earthy Christianity, bluff country squires, boon companions, Catholic piety and roistering taverns. Sang Belloc:

*And thank the Lord
For the temporal sword,
And howling heretics too;
And whatever good things
Our Christendom brings,
But especially barley brew!*

English Catholic writers today are in strong reaction from the lusty Chesterton and Belloc school, and the midding, manly, romantic strain in English journalism and literature was already in decline when Chesterton died in 1936. Belloc's partisanship turned to anger: "Civilization in England is going to the dogs because we allow five sorts of people to do what they like with us: Jews, Socialists, eugenicists, Protestants and teetotalers. The Jews want our money, the Socialists want our land, the eugenicists want our women, the teetotalers want our beer, and the Protestants don't know what they want. Four devils and the deep sea!" Belloc saw in both Mussolini and Franco the hope of Christian civilization against the Godless state.

A headlong amateur sailor who combined prayer and oratory with his seamanship, he sailed his ketch *Nona* strenuously and recklessly round the dangerous coasts of Great Britain in a good deal of foul weather, until he was an old man. His wife, an American, had died in 1914; his eldest son Louis was killed in World War I. When his youngest son, Peter, lost his life in World War II, Belloc gave up letters. He was already an old man. He lived on in his Sussex farmhouse, a short, stout figure, red of face, wearing a collar several times too large for him, a black hat on his round head. People said he looked like a typical John Bull. There last week, at the age of 82, he fell into his living-room fire, died four days later from burns. Years ago he had written:

*When I am dead I hope it may be said;
"His sins were scarlet, but his books
were red."*

It was not for the vast number of books he wrote—153 in all—that Hilaire Belloc would be remembered, but for the happy gift of rhyme in the best of them.

Challenge to Bevan

In the Bevanites' theology, British socialism is a heady brew of rigid dogma, class hatred and "one in the eye for the boss." For the practiced old trade union chiefs of Transport House, who put up some 60% of Labor Party funds and speak for 85% of its membership, socialism is an alteration, not an abolition, of capitalism, an evolution steeped in the Fabian "inevitability of gradualness." From two general-election failures, trade unionists sense that Labor's medicine, heavily laced with Bevanism, is too strong for most Britons.

Since they ousted ex-Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison from the Party Executive last year, the Bevanites have influenced policy out of all proportion to their real power. Last month the party's "Challenge to Britain" platform called for partial nationalization of the complex aircraft, machine-tool and chemical industries. But last week the Trades Union Congress (183 unions, 8,000,000 members) staged a counterattack. Keynoteed Chairman Tom O'Brien: "The British trades union movement created the Labor Party, and if the child thinks it is going to devour the father, it must be told there is nothing doing."

The biennial conference of the Transport and General Workers' Union—Britain's biggest—met at Southsea, hard by Portsmouth docks. Bevanites hoped to make trouble. When bluff, able Arthur Deakin, 62, the union's general secretary, marched into the hall, packed with 800 representatives of the union's truck drivers and milkmen, trawlermen and stable lads, home helps and gravediggers, someone reminded him that Nelson's flagship *Victory*, with its hangman's yardarm, was not far away. Deakin smiled grimly. "We don't need the yardarm," said he.

A Shout of Applause. "The test of nationalization," Deakin told his delegates, "must be, 'How will it serve the interests of the people?' Nobody can say that . . . it has achieved satisfactory success. There is no wholesale and general approbation . . . There is a feeling that . . . conditions of the work people in the nationalized industries have been improved at the expense of the consumer."

Should there be more nationalization, as the Bevanites propose? Boomed Deakin: "Where do you begin? Where do you end? We will have no precipitate action that would involve us . . . in chaos and confusion . . ." Next day he fought off a resolution that censured his anti-Bevanite stand. "I am perfectly sure I have 95% of the membership behind me," he said. The answer: a great shout of applause.

Reassured by Deakin's triumph, union leaders went right on planning a greater blow at Bevan: a policy statement that would cut right across the "Challenge to Britain," and the re-election of Herbert Morrison to the Executive, in place of ailing, respected Arthur Greenwood, 73. Said one union man: "The days of the hotheads are over . . ."

FRANCE

Bastille Day Riot

In the underworld that lies behind the lovely façade of Paris, a new population has moved in on the oldtime apache. In the argot they are *les Bicots*, but respectable Parisians call them *les Algériens*. After 1946, when the people of Algeria were granted full French citizenship, they began pouring into France at the rate of 30,000 a year. Arriving in Paris on the slow trains from the *Midi*, they drift with their bundles into the old, revolutionary districts of Belleville and Ménilmontant, where whole blocks now have the sound and smell of Algerian *medinas*. Only one in five of the Algerians in Paris has regular employment; the others live in the tradition of the Paris demimonde, vociferously free, but desperately poor.

Among this population, against whom a strong racial prejudice is developing in France, the French Communist Party has found violent adherents. Last week *les communistes Algériens* turned the last hours of Bastille Day, traditionally a gay but tranquil celebration into a riot.

At the tail end of the Communist Party's afternoon parade came 2,000 olive-skinned Algerians, marching in disciplined formation and bearing posters demanding the release from jail of Algerian Nationalist Leader Messali Hadj. At the Place de la Nation, a sudden rainstorm sent paraders and bystanders rushing for shelter. When police tried to hold back the stampede, the Algerians overwhelmed the barricades and began attacking with stones, bottles, chairs and broken barriers. Riot squads came sirening to the scene, threw a cordon around the Place de la Nation, opened fire with rifles. When it was all over, six Algerians and one French labor union secretary were dead, and some 130 people, including 82 cops, were injured.

Paris was shocked, but many saw the problem in its real light. "Pilgrims of hunger," said the conservative *Le Monde*, "to whom we granted full citizenship seven years ago . . . Why do they come to France? Simply because they cannot feed themselves and their families in Algeria." Said *Paris-Press*: "We must take care of them on a social scale, unless we want to take care of them on a criminal scale later." While the newspapers discussed improved housing and job training, *les Bicots* drew back into the old, dark, protective alleyways of Paris.

ITALY

Cabinet Maker

On the shaky scaffolding of Italian politics, Premier Alcide de Gasperi moved warily to mortar together a new government for Italy, his eighth since the war. He could no longer count on the three small parties of his coalition to help carry the load. Two were so hurt by the June elections that they barely counted any more, and the Democratic Socialists of Giuseppe Saragat, cut down to 19 seats, decided to quit the team.

The Premier's Christian Democrats lacked a majority in the Chamber of Deputies. But he knew that to form a democratic cabinet he was going to have to go it alone with the Christian Democrats, and trust that some of those who did not like it would be patriotic enough to refrain from voting against it when chaos was the only alternative.

"Mon to Mon." De Gasperi took his time. First, he went through the formality of inviting all party leaders to his office in the Viminale Palace, where he could chat with men he normally saw only at scowling distance across the desks of the Chamber of Deputies. Communist Boss Palmiro Togliatti (143 seats) came first



COMMUNISTS ATTACKING PARIS POLICE CARS
Pilgrims of hunger became centers of trouble.

Scheldigger



GUARINO



GARDEN STATUE
Life can be beautiful.



CAPUANA

—he had not sat down with De Gasperi since the day in 1947 when De Gasperi threw the Reds out of his coalition. "We talked man to man," said De Gasperi later, but Togliatti kept "avoiding clarity." Achille Lauro, leader of the Monarchists (40 seats), was equally vague. How did he propose to restore a king to Italy? Lauro did not know. The leaders of the Neo-Fascists (29 seats) came equipped with "more sentiment than ideas." They talked of Trieste, reported De Gasperi, "in the friendly way all Italians talk about Trieste."

With Pietro Nenni, clever leader of the fellow-traveling Socialists (75 seats), De Gasperi had his longest talk. The two spoke with the intimate second-person "tu," a reminder of the days they spent together as wartime anti-Fascist refugees in the Vatican. Of course, said Nenni, he did not expect De Gasperi to denounce the North Atlantic pact, but was it necessary to show such "excessive zeal" in promoting it? De Gasperi asked if Nenni's Socialists are really as independent of Togliatti's Reds as they profess. Replied Nenni frankly: if the Communists were to take power in Italy, the Socialists would "regard it serenely."

Balance of Forces. All the chatting merely confirmed what De Gasperi had known—democracy would not compromise with the right and left extremists without compromising Italy's future. The Premier retired to his villa on Lake Albano for a few days to ponder. Last week he came back and handed over to President Luigi Einaudi his list of 17 cabinet ministers who, if confirmed by the Chamber, will govern Italy. To no one's surprise, it was a completely Demo-Christian cabinet, with De Gasperi, as before, keeping the Foreign Ministry for himself. But there was one surprise: Mario Scelba, the tough Sicilian Minister of Interior, who policed Italy to a high state of law & order, was missing from the list. Scelba refused to serve again, insisting on taking the blame for the electoral reform law which he sponsored, and which became a harmful anti-De Gasperi campaign issue. In Scelba's place goes former Agricultural Minister Amintore Fanfani, who represents the party's left wing. To offset giving so crucial a ministry to the left, De

Gasperi renamed hard-money man Giuseppe Pella to the Finance Ministry.

It was not a government designed to push vigorously into experiment or controversy, but a balance of forces built simply to survive, and to save Italy from a succession of cabinet crises. Experts predicted that the old parliamentarian, despite his lack of a solid majority, would squeak it through. Their confidence was jolted by an ill-timed piece of news from Washington: the U.S., Britain and France had invited Tito's Yugoslavia to a conference over mutual military matters. The spectacle of the West cuddling up to the hated Yugoslavs, without first making them hand over Trieste to Italy, blew up a storm in Italy. De Gasperi would probably have to ride this strong wind, if he hoped to survive it.

The Toad

Silvio Capuana could never forget the poverty of his youth, or the pain and contempt it had brought him in the Apennine village of Contrada, where he was born 60 years ago. Reared in a two-room hovel swarming with flies, brothers and sisters, all as dirty and hungry as himself, he had spent his childhood working long hours in the local wheatfields for a few pennies a day, resenting the shouts of harsh masters and dreaming of a better life. As soon as he was old enough, he fled to seek his fortune in Canada.

When Silvio came back to Contrada in 1933, he was 40 years old, a man of substance, with a real pearl stickpin in his cravat. He built a luxurious villa outside the village, and proceeded to show his contempt for the Contradesi in a perverse display of ostentation and charity. He refused to enter the village but gave generously to the local church, and twice each year he would drive his blooded Arab horse around the outskirts to the back door of a house in which some Contradesi girl cried her heart out because her family lacked money for a dowry. Contradesi parents soon learned to come running when they heard the crack of Silvio's whip, for it meant that he had come with a dowry fit for a patrician. "I know the bitter humility impoverished youth is made to feel in Contrada," he would say.

Wealth v. Brains. At home, Silvio amused himself by decorating the gardens of his villa with a weird menagerie of statuary whose faces bore a startling resemblance to the stuffer citizens of Contrada. Nevertheless, most of the villagers were content to accept Don Silvio as a wealthy, if eccentric, benefactor.

The one exception was Carmine Guarino, nicknamed "the Toad." Like Silvio, Carmine had been born to poverty, but he had found escape along another road, by burying his nose in books until his eyes dimmed and his skin grew waxen with the pallor of lamplight. Carmine's studies brought him no money, but they helped make him a schoolmaster and a politician, full of respect for the ordered and privileged past and contempt for illiterate successes such as that of Silvio.

As president of Contrada's town council, Carmine, a dedicated Monarchist, set himself to bait the sulky showoff, Silvio, an ardent Demo-Christian, at every turn. When Silvio planted cherry trees on the borders of his property, Carmine made him cut them down because they overhung the village highway. When Silvio built himself a tomb in the local churchyard, Carmine complained that its steps were on public property. "Material wealth can never replace brains," he gloated when the steps were ordered removed.

Faction v. Faction. Soon afterward, a new statue appeared on Don Silvio's lawn—a large toad with a human head, Carmine Guarino saw it and made the mistake of complaining in public. Soon all of Contrada was flocking to the Capuana estate to look at the new portrait and laugh at its subject. Professor Guarino writhed in an agony of shame. Silvio broke precedent by driving into the village to write, "Life can be beautiful," in bold, black letters on the side of his desecrated tomb. Carmine promptly brought suit for defamation of character.

For months afterward the Contradesi argued the merits of the impending case. By last week it had split the village in two. On each side of the road, a long line of villagers marched to the provincial court in Avellino. Neither side deigned to speak or even look at the other. As the trial progressed, open warfare between the factions was averted only by the judge's threat to clear the court—nobody could hear the thought of being shut out. But when the verdict came, nobody could say who was the victor. The offending statue was ordered put out of sight, and Silvio got a six-month suspended jail sentence. But Carmine was distressed nonetheless. "The constituted order confirms it," he moaned, "I do have that toad's face."

KENYA

Judicial Blunder

In a makeshift courtroom, surrounded by barbed wire and police with Sten guns, sat the two bewigged and red-robed justices of the Kenya supreme court. Spectators in the courtroom were searched for

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JOMO KENYATTA
Another chance.

guns. Hundreds of armed police and settlers strolled the streets of the remote little town of Kitale. The court was met to hear the appeal of Moscow-trained Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta and five of his loyal followers, sentenced to seven years' hard labor last April for being the brains behind the Mau Mau terrorist movement.

Defense Attorney D. N. Pritt, a Londoner who makes a specialty of defending Communist causes, ticked off 60 grounds of appeal for Kenyatta, at least 30 for each of his associates. When he finished, the two judges threw out the convictions on one of the technicalities raised by Barrister Pritt: Chief Judge Ransley Thacker, the trial magistrate, had no jurisdiction in the isolated village of Kapenguria, where the trial took place, because his appointment was to a different province of the colony. The government had blundered, the court held, but Kenyatta and his cronies must stand trial again. Up jumped Defense Attorney Pritt to protest that "a new trial . . . would be vexatious and oppressive . . . The government is unfortunately to blame for this appalling waste of time . . . for a trial which did not in fact exist." The defendants, he said, could not afford another trial.

Calmly, the two Supreme Court judges replied: "The nature of the charges . . . is particularly grave. If they are guilty, they ought not to escape the consequences of their acts."

Outside the courtroom, in the hot Kenyan sun, bearded, burly Kenyatta and his five followers were taken into custody once more. In South Nyeri, Mau Mau terrorists had just killed 13 loyal Kikuyu. In London, British Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton told Laborite critics in the House of Commons that, in Britain's relentless and increasingly successful counter-efforts, 1,300 suspected Mau Maus have been killed.

INDIA

"A Mad Race"

Calcutta lies beneath its flies, swollen and unhealthy. The great city now crowds between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 souls into its dank tenements, often six to ten to a room, scores to a back-well privy. One man in three is a D.P. from Pakistan or the poor uplands, with no money and no place to go. And although the sacred cows roam free down Chowringhee, the native Bengali feels no more free than the refugee: the Marwaris and the British have the best businesses; the quick Madrasis get the best jobs; the workers for the jute mills come mostly from Bihar. Moreover, there is seldom enough money for the dowry, and the daughters stay long at home. All this discontent spreads like a heat rash and inflames at the slightest provocation.

Acid Bulbs. Last month the British-owned tramways provided just such a provocation. To give its workers a bonus and cost-of-living allowance, the company increased the fare by one pice (one-third of a cent). Bengalis objected, and the Communists made haste to exploit the issue.

First they organized a Tram Fare Enhancement Resistance Committee, told passengers not to pay their fares, and beat up those who did. Next they swarmed into the trams, burned the seat cushions of the first-class section, and hurled second-class passengers into the streets. But the drivers kept on going. So the Communists pelted them and their passengers with bricks, bottles and Indian Communism's favorite weapon—bulbs filled with nitric acid.

Fighting spread. The mobs rampaged through the bazaars, stopped trains in the outskirts, cut signal wires and threw acid at firemen who tried to stop the fires. Their tactics showed how long the Communists had prepared. When police jeeps came after them at night, someone would blow a whistle and the street lights would go out. Then, at the moment of blindness, they would rush from the alleys, sear the cops with acid and drive them from the street.

Forces of Chaos. By last week four people had been killed, 200 seriously injured, a thousand hurt. The city was paralyzed, and a general strike was spreading across Bengal. Mobs surged unchecked through the streets. From Lucknow, Jawaharlal Nehru commented despairingly: "Looking at happenings in Calcutta," he said, "it seems as if Indians are a mad race. We achieved freedom by peaceful means . . . It will be a bad day for India if leadership passes into the hands of such forces of chaos." At week's end the government surrendered to the rioters, called off the fare increase.

The Communists were not ready to stop; they said the rioting would go on until all agitators are released from jail, until "police atrocities" are investigated, until food prices come down to a "reasonable" level, until there is work for all men—in other words, indefinitely.



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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Weekend in Buenos Aires

Arriving in Argentina for a brief week-end visit as part of his Latin American fact-finding and good-will mission, Milton Eisenhower received an all-out welcome from that old *yanqui-baiter*, Juan Perón. The Peronista press proclaimed: "The Argentine people have again set back their American calendars to zero hour, day one." The President took his guest to the prizefights and to a rip-roaring soccer match. At lunches and dinners they talked for several hours. Likeliest reason for Perón's big switch: he hopes for trade and financial assistance from the Eisenhower Administration.

MEXICO

"The Nation Is Ashamed"

As President Adolfo Ruiz Cortines cracks down on one after another of the political millionaires who grew fat under the last administration, Mexicans are beginning to sound off publicly against the excesses of ex-President Miguel Alemán's regime. Last week Justice Luis Corona and four other members of the supreme court were hearing arguments in the appeal of four men convicted in 1960 of the murder of a newsmen. The defendants offered evidence that they had been framed by top officials working with the Alemán-created Federal Security Police, an outfit said to have been controlled by Miguel Alemán's pal, ex-Senate President Carlos Serrano. As their story unfolded, Justice Corona interrupted to loose the most scathing blast yet against the Alemán regime by a highly placed Mexican.

"I cry out against this conspiracy!" he said. "This Federal Security Police, this national insult, should exist no longer, now that there is no more booty to cover up. Now we have a First Magistrate who has the people's support because he is keeping his promise to regenerate Mexico and make an end of the filthy sewer of mud that has smothered the national conscience under a certain prosperity these past six years, and has transformed a pedregal [old lava field] into a spectacular oasis for the profit of investors."

Leaving no doubt that he was talking about Alemán's lavish new University City (TIME, Feb. 23), built at a cost of more than \$25 million in the Mexico City suburb of Pedregal de San Angel, Justice Corona snapped: "All that material grandeur is a mausoleum in which is buried the dignity of Mexico. Would to God that in its place we had a well-kept park with a floral sign saying the nation is still ashamed."

In the courtroom, spectators burst into loud applause. Court President Castro Estrada dutifully admonished Justice Corona; the case went on. But newsmen played up the judge's remarks, and popular comment seemed heavily in his favor.

CANADA

Monarch of the Forest

Along with his many other distinctions, Chicago Tribune Publisher Robert R. McCormick is probably Canada's largest single foreign investor. His holdings, worth some \$50 million by his own estimate, are scattered from western Ontario to the St. Lawrence River. Canada's McCormick-land now includes two big paper mills, two hydroelectric plants, some 8,179 sq. mi. of leased timber lands.

Last week aging (72) Bertie McCormick traveled north to inaugurate, with



Bob Whelan

DUPLESSIS & MCCORMICK
"We're somewhat alike."

the help of Quebec's Premier Maurice Duplessis, the latest McCormick power project, a \$15 million, 99,000-h.p. hydroelectric plant on Quebec's north shore of the St. Lawrence. Built by the colonel's Manicouagan Power Co. and dominated by McCormick Dam, the plant will supply reserve power for McCormick's paper mill in nearby Baie Comeau (pop. 4,300).

In the humming din of the plant's control room last week, Premier Duplessis pressed a button to start a 45,000-h.p. generator. Nodding at it and the other big dynamo, he shouted to McCormick: "Do you think they produce more light than the Chicago Tribune?" The colonel chortled appreciatively. Later, at a banquet in the Manoir Comeau, the Premier, himself a man who knows his own worth, told 215 guests: "We're somewhat alike, the colonel and I. We're both criticized, but we both do some good work."

COLOMBIA

General Satisfaction

One hundred thousand Colombians paraded in Bogotá last week to honor their new President, Lieut. General Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, who exactly a month before had overthrown the unpopular regime of Laureano Gómez. The five-hour parade was extraordinary: instead of marching, the people rode in 1,500 buses, 2,300 taxis and 3,000 trucks (thus paralyzing normal transportation in the capital and for miles around). Beaming down from the balcony of the presidential palace, Rojas could see that the buses and taxis were arranged by reds, yellows and blues to form enormous Colombian flags. Bands played, and at one point all the drivers in the whole 16-mile-long cavalcade blew their horns in a raucous, mechanical *viva*.

Partly, Colombians cheer easygoing General Rojas because he is such a welcome contrast to the gloomy and oppressive Gómez. Partly, they like his inspiring promises: "The armed forces will continue being . . . the jealous and disinterested guardians of the democratic survival of our institutions." Partly, they approve his decisive acts. In the last month he has:

¶ Ended the civil war between the Government police and Liberal guerrillas by offering amnesty and reconciliation to the guerrillas. Hundreds have surrendered, and more give up daily.

¶ Returned to their lands other hundreds of ex-guerrillas and guerrillas' victims who had fled to cities.

¶ Undertaken, as "general to general," to solve the stubborn dispute with Peru's President, Manuel Odría, over the asylum granted by Colombia to Victor Haya de la Torre.

¶ Dropped a Gómez scheme to write a totalitarian constitution, and named Liberals as well as Conservatives to a commission which will refurbish the present law.

But martial law has not been lifted, as the editors of Gómez' *El Siglo* found out last week. Angered by a tactless editorial which seemed to take Peru's side in the Haya controversy, Rojas Pinilla closed *El Siglo* for a day. Censorship was also strict, though seemingly impartial, at other papers. Rojas has promised to return a measure of press freedom, after working out a set of "newspapermen's commandments." This may be less onerous than Gómez' capricious prior censorship, because it will put the rules down in black & white, but it will still be censorship.

* Left-wing (but anti-Communist) leader of Peru's workers and Indians. A hunted man after Odría's 1948 revolution, he took refuge in Colombia's Lima embassy 4½ years ago. Subsequently, the World Court ruled confusingly that "asylum was not justified," but that Colombia "is not obliged to deliver" Haya to Peru. To this day, Haya has not left the embassy, which is completely encircled by Odría's troops.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

At a polo match in Sussex, England, the crowd gasped when the fast-galloping **Duke of Edinburgh** thudded to the ground as his pony skidded on the wet turf, cheered when he picked himself up after a dazed few moments and legged it after his mount. Unhurt except for bruises and scratches, the duke charged back into the game, led his team to a 6-1 victory.

Nine days of competition at the second annual *salaam* to celestial beauty at Long Beach, Calif. were climaxed by the crowning of a new **Miss Universe**: **Christiane Martel**, 18, a green-eyed brunette fashion model from Paris. Height: 5 ft. 3 in.; weight: 125 lbs.; hull dimensions (stem to stern) 33-22-35. Photographers snapped a beaming picture of the winner surrounded by the runners-up from the U.S., Japan, Mexico and Australia. After a tough hour posing, Miss Universe sounded (in French) like most any other working girl: "My feet are killing me."

West Berlin police arrested a pudgy little drunk in a greasy suit for brawling over his taxi fare, found that he was none other than **Hanns Eisler**, East Germany's top composer, former Hollywood tunesmith, and brother of famed Communist **Gerhart Eisler**. Barely able to stand on his feet, Eisler treated his jailers to a long night of pie-eyed indiscretions. "The stock of freedom in East Germany is not high," he shouted. "Too much freedom doesn't become a people. As for the uprising of

June 17, "we expected it because the workers were not living as well as workers in West Germany. In fact, the living standard in the U.S.S.R. is lower than that of the U.S.A." Sober and silent 22 hours later, Eisler was released, scurried back to the Soviet zone.

Sparkling, bright-eyed but still pale after four months of fighting for recovery from her physical and nervous collapse, Actress **Vivien Leigh** appeared at a London party in her honor and was sure she would be onstage again in the fall, alongside husband **Sir Laurence Olivier**. She traced the beginning of her illness back to her 1949 London performance in *A Streetcar Named Desire* ("A grueling nine months' run—it took a lot out of me"). The heat of moviemaking in tropical Ceylon last winter and the long flight back to Hollywood had been the last straw.

At a Madrid bullfight, Hollywood Gossipist **Hedda Hopper**, getting her first taste of a real Spanish *corrida*, was carried away by the excitement of it all when the *torero*, Chicuelo, toured the arena and was showered by a complimentary cascade of hats, cigars and flowers. Hedda whipped off her own ostrich-feather, Parisian cartwheel hat (by Jacques Fath) and skimmed it into the bull ring. "I know I threw away a \$100 hat," she said, "but I certainly got more than one thousand dollars worth of thrills."

While **Mrs. Perle Mesta**, ex-U.S. Minister to Luxembourg, was off on her guided tour of the Soviet Union, some high-



PEGGY CRIPPS & HUSBAND
On to the Gold Coast.

ly discriminating thieves broke into her Newport, R.I. villa, next door to the mansion of Railroad Financier **Robert R. Young**. The booty: three egg cups, several ash trays and a small selection of cups & saucers.

Major **James Jabara**, the world's original jet ace, bagged his 15th Communist MIG over Korea to become the Air Force's second triple jet ace—one MIG behind Captain Joseph McConnell Jr. Jabara made one last search for the enemy three days later on the 100th mission of his second Korean tour (163 missions in all), then resigned himself to going home and "sitting out one of those jet desk jobs."

Putting into Portland, Ore. for repairs on his teeth, Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas** dropped into a dentist's chair, decided it was as good a place as any to reel off some mental flots. Samples: 1) he considers this month's successful assault of Kashmir's Nanga Parbat by German climbers a "far tougher" feat than the **Hillary-Tenzing** conquest of Everest; 2) **Syngman Rhee** is the "George Washington" of Korea, and deserves America's sympathy and support, as does **Mohammed Mossadegh**, "the first great ruler in [Iran's] history to have been raised up by the people"; 3) **Chiang Kai-shek** (who has traveled both high and low in the Justice's esteem) is the symbol of a tired, failure-marked revolution.

In London, some 200 English friends, Ashanti tribesmen, socialists and Labor Party leaders (notably **Aneurin Bevan**) gathered for the wedding of **Enid Margaret** ("Peggy") Cripps, 32, youngest daughter of the late austerity Chancellor



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of the Exchequer Sir Stafford Cripps, and Joseph Appiah, 32, African law student and personal representative in Britain of Gold Coast Prime Minister Kwame Nkrumah. When they emerged from St. John's Wood Church and paused for photographs, she in her mother's pearl silk gown, he in the crimson, yellow, black and green ceremonial robe of his tribe, they looked the picture of happy newlyweds. After honeymooning in Paris, they plan to live for a while at her London flat before settling down on the Gold Coast.

New Hampshire's Republican Senator Styles Bridges, the Senate's temporary president, was deep in thought after leaving a conference with President Eisenhower, sauntered out into streaming traffic three blocks from the White House, and was bowled over by a passing car. He was hurried to a hospital, where doctors found a few bruises, no broken bones.

In his old home town of Newburyport, Mass., Novelist John P. (Point of No Return) Marquand, 59, was "resting comfortably" in a hospital after suffering a heart attack at his Kent's Island home.

Ex-Manhattan Model Sloan Simpson O'Dwyer, estranged wife of William O'Dwyer, onetime New York City mayor and U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, settled down in Spain four months ago to "forget her troubles and recuperate before facing life again." Last week, able to face life once again, Sloan said she was willing to go to Mexico "at any moment" to testify in Roman Catholic church proceedings to annul her marriage. But of her husband, laboring as a "legal adviser" to a Mexico City law firm, she could say only the best: "Bill is one of the finest men alive. He's got a heart of gold. We still are good friends." Future plans were hazy, but she would love to go back to the States and do a TV show, "sort of a travelogue, maybe called *Going Places with Sloan*."

In Atlantic City, Sophie ("Last of the Red-Hot Mamas") Tucker, celebrating her 50th anniversary in show business at 69, proved that she was right up to date by announcing her new number for next season: *I'm a Three-D Mamma with a Big Wide Screen*.

New York's Democratic Senator Herbert H. Lehman said farewell to suburban ease. Since he went to the Senate in 1949, he has been living with Mrs. Lehman in Washington's Wardman Park Hotel and a Manhattan apartment, has had little time to spend on the 75-acre, Purchase, N.Y., estate which had been his home since 1921. Last week realtors announced that the Lehmans had sold the estate, their 10-room Tudor mansion and all the fixings (asking price: \$150,000) to a chain-store owner. Some of the fixings: a sun room overlooking Long Island Sound, ten-car garage, six-room gatehouse, terraced gardens, tennis court, oval swimming pool, five horse stalls (without horses) and a root cellar.

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SCIENCE

Hot Speed Record

A North American F-86D Sabre jet "broke 700" last week: i.e., established a new official speed record of 715.7 m.p.h.* The previous official record, also held by a Sabre jet, was 699.9 m.p.h. To turn the trick, Lieut. Colonel William Barnes, 32, flew his Sabre jet at the most favorable spot: the hot desert that surrounds the Salton Sea in Southern California. A Sabre jet is built to fly at mach .91, i.e., 91% of the speed of sound. Above this speed, it runs into a sharp increase of air resistance that is called "compressibility drag rise." Since sound moves faster at high temperature, the best place to try for speed is a hot desert.

The Salton Sea has another advantage: it is 236 ft. below sea level. Its air is denser, which slows an airplane a little, but this disadvantage is more than made up for by the increased thrust that a jet engine develops in denser air.

To establish his record officially, Barnes made two passes in each direction (to average out the wind) over a three-kilometer course marked with smoke generators. He flew with his after-burner roaring (for maximum thrust) at an altitude of 90 ft. (to fly in the hottest air). The rules required him to fly low so that he could gain no speed out of diving, and his Sabre jet carried a simulated military load, representing rockets, radar, etc. During the tests, shortly after noon, the temperature near the ground reached 104°. In air as hot as this, the speed of sound is 797 m.p.h. (it is 764 at 60°), so that theoretically the Sabre jet could have done 725.3 m.p.h. Barnes' record (715.7 m.p.h.) is only 9.6 m.p.h. less than that theoretical maximum. Said he after the flight: "It seemed about fast enough."

Diggers

From about the time Julius Caesar was a problem child, Baiae, a few miles north of modern Naples, was Rome's ritziest seaside resort. There the patricians, attracted by the hot springs which gushed from the hillsides, built their sumptuous villas on terraces cut in the slope. Elaborate baths (hot and cold swimming pools with steam rooms, massage and floor shows) cleansed and entertained vacationing senators and consuls. The place acquired a highly questionable reputation. The dramatist Terence wrote: "At Baiae one never knows what the night will bring," and the poet Propertius warned his girl friend that "The waters of Baiae lead to immoral love." At Baiae Nero built the biggest bath, and a vast covered



EXCAVATIONS AT BAIÆ
The waters were immoral.

pool. Here he also tried to drown his mother.^{*}

As Rome decayed, Baiae (now Baia) became a scraggly village below a vineyard-covered slope with a few resistant ruins poking out of the soil. Antiquarians knew for centuries that fascinat-

^{*} In 59 A.D., Nero invited his mother Agrippina to Baiae. On her way home she narrowly escaped death when her ship, obviously sabotaged, sank from under her; after she got home, Nero—egged on by his mistress Poppaea, who disliked the lady—used the surer method of having Agrippina clubbed and stabbed to death.



NERO
Mother was sabotaged.

ing things must lie under the vine roots, but there was little digging. The vineyard owners would not sell their land, until at last, under Mussolini, who would have appreciated the Roman Baiae, the vineyards were expropriated and turned over to the diggers.

Last week Archaeologist Amadeo Maiuri of the National Museum in Naples formally opened to the public a partially excavated Baiae. During 1,500 years, many feet of soil had crept down the slope or been nudged down by earthquakes. When this was dug away, some of the splendors of the gaudy resort emerged fairly intact. Facing the sea are 300 yards of villas and terraces. Some of their walls are still covered with paintings of nymphs and satyrs. Two marble and ceramic staircases lead to the upper terraces. Other finds: shower rooms, sculptures of amazons and a Venus, a small theater, three bath houses (one, 90 feet in diameter, shows a large apse open to the sun, presumably for ancient tan-seekers).

"At Pompeii," said Archaeologist Maiuri, "we see the Romans' daily life. At Baiae we see how the Roman aristocracy lived and lusted."

At a less elegant spot, Ralph Solecki of the Smithsonian Institution was digging into an even more distant past. Shanidar Cave in northern Iraq is still inhabited during the winter months by about 40 Kurds and their flocks and herds. Last year Solecki became interested in the debris on the cave's floor. Back at Shanidar early this year, financed by a Fulbright grant and surrounded by fascinated Kurds, Archaeologist Solecki carefully dug a square shaft in the promising deposit. The top layers were modern. Just below, he found tools and fragments of pottery from the "historic period" when Shanidar belonged to the Persians, the Assyrians, the Babylonians or the Turks. Below this layer, metal relics gradually disappeared. Stone tools took their place, and the pottery shards grew simpler and cruder. At four feet below the present floor, Solecki left the New Stone Age and passed in a couple of feet of digging into the Old Stone Age, which probably ended in Iraq about 10,000 years ago.

Under the curious eyes of the cave's living tenants, the shaft sank, foot after foot, toward the dimmest beginnings of human history. Subtle changes in bits of stone, covered by the garbage of ancient man, told of the shifts of culture. Solecki spent many feet of digging in the Aurignacian period (of the well-built Cro-Magnon men). Then he entered the Mousterian period (of the Neanderthal men, stooped and beetle-browed). At 26 feet below the surface, he found the scattered bones of a child less than a year old who had died something like 70,000 years ago. The child had lain there while dirt, rubbish and broken utensils covered it deeper and deeper. The whole sweep of human development was enacted over its skull, culminating at last in modern technological man; Ralph Solecki of the Smithsonian.

* The fastest manned aircraft are rocket planes like the Bell X-1 and the Douglas Skyrocket (1,338 m.p.h.), but these experimental jobs fly under rocket power at altitudes where the air is too thin for the oxygen-breathing engines of operational planes. Their flights do not count as official records, which must be made over a measured course close to the ground.

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ALEC GUINNESS & IRENE WORTH IN "ALL'S WELL."
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New Shakespeare in Canada

Shakespeare has a new home this side of the Atlantic. The place: Stratford, a small (pop. 19,000) railroad town in the dairy country of southern Ontario, on the banks of Canada's River Avon. But the Shakespeare festival which opened there last week—on a neo-Elizabethan stage under a spreading carnival tent—is not straw-hat; it is distinctly top-hat. And the two plays, presented by a first-rate cast (stars: Alec Guinness, Irene Worth), are as surprising as the event itself. For the real hit is not the famous, battle-tested *King Richard III*, but the rarely produced *All's Well That Ends Well*, one of Shakespeare's lesser comedies, a kind of operetta without music.

When directors undertake to dust off Shakespeare plots, the noise of the vacuum cleaner all too often drowns out the play, but Director Tyrone Guthrie, a veteran of the Old Vic, never allows that to happen. The story of *All's Well*, lifted from Boccaccio, is about Helena, a poor physician's daughter married by royal command to a snobbish young count. The groom runs off to the wars before the wedding day has even reached the cocktail hour. The rest of the play tells how Helena plots her way into her husband's bed-chamber and eventually his heart.

Instead of shrinking from the play's preposterous involvements and broadly comic scenes, Director Guthrie and his cast seize them, hug them, and waltz them right into the present. The transformation is aided by brilliant modern costumes, both Vogueish and roguish, designed by Tanya Moiseiwitch; Shakespeare in tails seems no more anachronistic than Shaw

in a toga, and at times quite as cynical. The play's "Florentine Widow" becomes a wonderful old madam catering to the occupation forces; Helena's choosing a husband is turned into a charming kind of debutante cotillion; and the scene in which the braggart Parolles (superbly played by Douglas Campbell) is exposed as a miserable coward becomes a genuinely funny affair, full of the gaiety, and cruelty, peculiar to the pranks of soldiers and children.

Alec Guinness, in a beard-and-wheelchair getup reminiscent of Monty Woolley in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, is delightful as the King. But the real star is the Old Vic's Irene Worth, a Nebraska girl who went to England a decade ago and came back (she was last seen with Guinness in Manhattan in T. S. Elliot's *The Cocktail Party*) sounding more English than Edith Sitwell. She plays Helena as if she meant it with all her heart: her love for a fool is convincing, her distress in a farcical predicament truly moving, and her every word audible, even above the tooting of passing trains.

Richard III, the alternating attraction, is considerably less successful. The play surges stirringly over the steps and platforms of an ingenious permanent set; troops of actors use every conceivable kind of entrance, save sliding down the tent poles. But the production traps Alec Guinness like Houdini in his water tank and he manages only a few times to burst forth with some real acting. Guinness could never be really bad, and is always good company. But he is apt to be subtly ironic where Richard must be grandly hypocritical, mildly unpleasant where he should be heroically evil.

In a sense, the most remarkable performance is furnished by the town itself. Led by a Stratford magazine editor named Tom Patterson, a small group of citizens without experience in theater production last year plunged into the huge tasks of raising money, importing stars and building a stage. The result is a minor theatrical miracle. Seldom have so many Shakespeare lovers owed so much to so few.

A Time of Years

Do you believe in fairies? Say quick that you believe! If you believe, clap your hands!

When the little boy on the stage thus pleaded with the audience for a show of faith, even the most skeptical teen-agers clapped and shouted "Yes!" till the rafters shook, and adults dabbed at their eyes. The "boy" was Maude Adams, who played *Peter Pan* 1,500 times, always evoking the same response. But one matinee day, nearly half a century ago, as Actress Adams pushed her way through the admiring crowds from the Empire Theater stage door to an electric automobile at the curb she caught the eye of a small boy. The profound disappointment on his face seemed to tell her: "You're not Peter Pan, or even a boy; you're an actress, and a lady." From that time on, during the run of the play, Maude Adams never again left the theater after a matinee, lest too many little boys grow disillusioned.

A Decorous Pin-Up. Maude Adams was only nine months old when she first appeared before an audience. In Salt Lake City, where she was born, a play carried her on stage in a production called *The Lost Child* (Maude's mother, Annie Adams Kiskadden, was the leading lady). By the time she was 16, famed New York Producer Charles Frohman became Maude's mentor and manager. He helped create the shy, veiled creature whose personal



MAUDE ADAMS AS PETER PAN
In the moonlight, a magical laughter.



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life was an enigma. Frohman's order: "You are not to be interviewed. You are not to be quoted . . . People will wonder at you, yearn for the details of your private life . . . Let them. It will only spur their interest and desire for you."

Frohman was right. At 34, Maude was America's best-loved actress. Sir James M. Barrie, a boy who never grew up, wrote the charming plays in which she was best—*The Little Minister*, *Quality Street*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and above all, *Peter Pan*. She became the goddess of a nationwide cult, a decorous pin-up in saloons and glittering restaurants. President Taft, like thousands of other people, kept her picture in his study.

It was not so much her acting that excited audiences; there were dozens of contemporaries who were better actresses, including Sarah Bernhardt, Ellen Terry, Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Nor was it her looks; she was, if anything, plain, with large, astonished eyes and a nose slightly off-center. The magic seemed to be in her gentle, flutey voice and in her personality—the curious way she had of tossing her head or motioning imploringly to the audience. Through the tumult of her success, she remained as elusive as Tinker Bell. She had few close friends, was rarely seen in public off stage. At one time, overwork broke her health, and she found rest in a Roman Catholic convent in France (she was a non-denominational Christian). She lived there in a white-walled, cell-like room, which she later had reproduced in her own palatial Long Island home.

Precious Things. On the eve of World War I, the twinkle of her star began to fade. Frohman went to his death on the *Lusitania*. Barrie wrote no more plays for her. There were a few revivals, one or two new plays, a radio program or two. She spent a year in General Electric's laboratory in Schenectady, N.Y., experimenting with new ideas on stage lighting. For five years she taught drama at Missouri's Stephens College. She even tried lecturing (said she in Manhattan's Town Hall in 1930: "Emotions are the nicest things we have . . . and the most dangerous").

She never married, turned over her Long Island estate to an order of Roman Catholic nuns, and lived quietly with a companion, Margaret McKenna, in a house in New York's Catskill Mountains. Greying heads never forgot her. Wrote Critic Alexander Woolcott in 1940: "I can recall her every intonation, her every gesture, her every bit of business . . . Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*! Bless me! I still can hear the music of her laughter as she danced in the moonlight [and] see the toss of her head in the firelight in Nanny Webster's cottage . . . Maude Adams in *The Little Minister* . . . What a time of years! What a time of years!"

One day last week the aged actress lay down on a couch in her home and called to her friend: "I don't feel so good. Miss McKenna. Don't go away from me." A little while later, Maude Adams, at 80, was dead.



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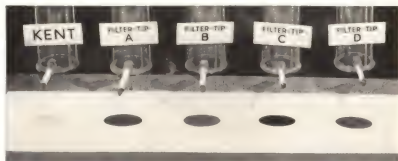
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MUSIC

What TV Can't Steal

Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI), which among other things collects radio-performance royalties for "serious" musicians, e.g., Stravinsky, Sibelius and Hindemith, cheerfully reported that more and more stations are finding time and clients for programs of serious music. In a poll of 1,250 stations, BMI found 86% regularly used concert music last year, compared with 64% the year before.

BMI, which also offers stations free scripts for eight one-hour programs a month, was especially pleased by the down-to-earth quality of some of the station managers' replies. Sample (from Wisconsin): "It took us almost six years to convince clients of the value of good music. Now it's doing a good job for them and for us." From Michigan: "It's one of the few offerings TV cannot steal."

Bonanza, Country-Style

Among the more smoothly rocking cradles of light culture in the U.S. is a resort hotel in the Catskills known as Grossinger's, or simply "The G." A long roster of singers, actors and comedians got early starts on its "Borscht Circuit" stage and are proud to return as stars. Last week Grossinger's declared a field day to honor Eddie Fisher, 24, its latest big-time alumnus and one of the U.S.'s most popular young singers.

Black-haired Eddie Fisher got his chance at Grossinger's at 17, thanks to a recommendation to Manager Jennie Grossinger by Broadway Showman Monte Proser. As a Grossinger's staff member, Eddie sang every night for a whole summer, learned how to gauge the reactions of the hotel's Broadway-wise customers, how to flash his bright smile at the right moment, how to pitch his voice for the best effect. Eddie landed wintertime jobs

after that, e.g., singing during the chorus-girl numbers at Manhattan's Copacabana. But his real break came when Eddie Cantor spotted him three summers later at Grossinger's and took him on a vaudeville tour. Since then, Fisher's easygoing voice has made 14 hit records in a row—his *I'm Walking Behind You* is this week's No. 1 bestseller—and his four radio and TV shows keep him well-centered in the public eye and ear.

Grossinger's also polished up the early careers of Actress Shelley Winters, Comedienne Betty Garrett, Film Producer Dore Schary (who was once editor of the weekly *Grossinger News*) and Metropolitan Opera Baritone Robert Merrill.*

The G's entertainment program lists some 500 acts a year, which makes it by far the largest in the Catskills. But among the other 300-odd resort hotels, a whopping total of about 62,000 performances a year is totted up, and the other hotels have their own graduate luminaries. Comedian Danny Kaye started at the White Roe Lake Hotel. Met Tenor Jan Peerce at the President Hotel. Comedians Red Buttons, Phil Silvers, Playwrights Moss Hart, Garson Kanin are also Catskill alumni.

Nobody at Grossinger's remembers just when entertainers were first installed, but it was "some time in the early '30s." Manager Jennie Grossinger, daughter of the founder, got the idea, just as she got the idea of having a resident art instructor ("I took up painting myself and had so much fun. I thought my guests would also enjoy it"). Her formula for Eddie Fisher: "Feed them up, and give them a chance."

* Grossinger's also shelters sportsmen: Heavyweight Champion Rocky Marciano is training there now for his September fight with Roland La Starza. Channel Swimmer Florence Chadwick was a Grossinger pro, as was Golfer Babe Didrikson Zaharias.

New Pop Records

Eartha Kitt (Victor LP). Eight songs of nostalgia, avarice and calculated mischief, with polylingual Songstress Kitt sounding equally enticing in English, Swahili, French and Turkish.

In a Sentimental Mood (Tommy Dorsey; Decca LP). One of the most durable and accepted bands in the business, the Dorsey crew has been riding high (with varying personnel) since 1936, still sounds fine. The selections range from the familiar dreamy theme song, *I'm Getting Sentimental Over You*, to the bouncier *Sentimental Baby*.

Serenade (Voices of Walter Schumann; Capitol, 2 EPs). Where a good many popular records have a chorus floating around in the background behind a band, this one pulls a switch, uses instruments only to dress up the vocal sound. The singing is smooth, the arrangements (of *Paradise* and seven other oldies) pleasantly different.

Adios (Claude Thornhill; Trend). One of the sweetest-sounding bands ever assembled, Thornhill & Co. have been out of record-making for a while; here they are back, more sophisticated than ever, on a promising new label.

Butterflies (Patti Page; Mercury). The Doggie-in-the-Window girl turns up with more animals; this time they apparently appear in her own interior whenever she thinks of her true love. She tells about them to the tune of another simple-minded, bestseller-bound waltz.

Cheeshaq Choonem (Rosemary Clooney; Columbia). Just two years after her *Come on-a My House* (and one after its sequel, *Botcha-Me!*), the new Mrs. José Ferrer lights into another jangling, Armenian-style ditty with about as much vocal gaiety as can be crammed into the grooves. Title translation: "I haven't got it."

Crying in the Chapel (Ella Fitzgerald; Decca). To a tune that appropriately starts like *Someone to Watch Over Me*, and with a trombone wailing discreetly among the organ tones, Ella explains how she has found peace of mind.

Eternally (Vic Damone; Mercury). With an overworked battery of soaring strings and tootling French horns, Songster Damone strains to make his promise of everlasting love sound sincere.

Hey, Bellboy! (Gloria Wood and Pete Candoli's Orchestra; Capitol). A surrealistic ballad in hop. The only words are the title, called out coaxingly, then petulantly, then desperately, and always answered with comic effect by a chime. In between, Songstress Wood noodles breathlessly along with the high clarinet, leaving the listener to imagine what it all means.

Hey, Joe (Frankie Laine; Columbia). "Where'd you find that purty girlie?" twangs Singer Laine in a hooting, hiccupping style that is apparently intended to assure an authentic hillbilly flavor.

A Stranger in Town (Mel Tormé; Capitol). The "velvet fog" is back with a lonely mood number that combines the story of *That Old Gang of Mine* with some of the feeling of *One for My Baby*.



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The cradle did rock.

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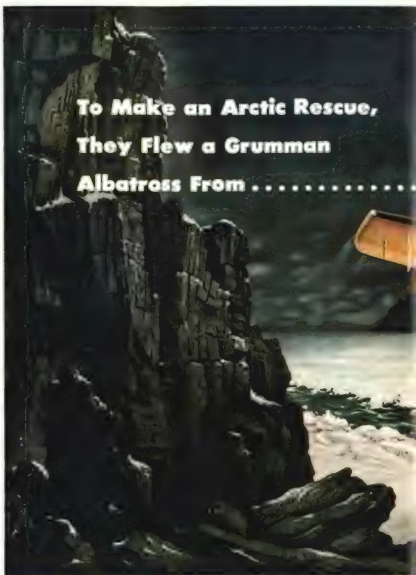
LOW DOWN PAYMENT WITH LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS



1. USAF Narsarsuaq Air Base, the point of departure. 2. Fjord on which the Grumman SA-16 landed and broke through the ice, then made a spectacular take-off. 3. Frozen Tasuissag Fjord, Egedesminde, where the sick school teacher and her daughter were taken aboard. 4. Crew discovered the nose wheel was jammed with ice and would not lower even though a hole was chopped in the deck plate above the nose gear and ice chunks removed. 5. Water landing at Grondal where boat stood by in case plane sank. 6. Returning to base for wheel landing on runway.



A layer of clouds over Egedesminde forced the crew to rely completely on their APN-11 radar. Penetrating the collage on the radar sweep, they made an instrument landing down through the undercast. They then had to find a fjord not marked on their maps.



**To Make an Arctic Rescue,
They Flew a Grumman
Albatross From**



The school teacher, suffering from a spinal disease that made evacuation by dog sled impossible, was carried to the plane by Danish Eskimo. At the request of the villagers, the teacher's tubercular daughter was also taken aboard to be flown to a hospital.



When unable to lower their nose wheel due to ice, the Grumman SA-16 was brought into a sheltered bay for a water landing. Unable to tell if their icebreaking run had damaged the hull, a boat stood by in case the plane leaked. The landing proved her still watertight.

LAND TO ICE TO SEA



To the seven men flying up Greenland's west coast, it was a flight of mercy. They were to land their Grumman SA-16 triphibian on a frozen fjord above the Arctic Circle, and fly out a school teacher.

They flew for six hours. It was February, and the weather bad. When they pinpointed the village of Egedesminde by radar, they had to let-down through the clouds, then find an unmapped fjord.

Seeing people on one fjord, they made a landing pass and took off again. The ice felt solid, so they decided to land. But as the ski touched down, and the plane slowed, they felt her sink. The pilot rammed the throttles forward.

"Up ski!"

Engines screamed as she floundered, but the props pulled her up on the ice. Then it broke and her nose ploughed, pushing aside thick cakes. She porpoised for a mile, cutting a swath like an icebreaker, before mushing into the air.

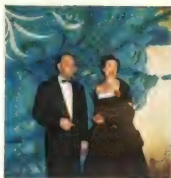


Then Egedesminde radio came on the air and directed them to the right fjord. The landing was routine, and the patients were taken aboard.

Back in the air, they discovered the nose wheel was jammed in the full-up position. When the emergency systems failed, their base radioed: *Make a water landing near Grendal and beach if hull leaks.*

They landed and were surprised to find her water-tight. Also the landing loosened the nose wheel, so they took off again for their base at Narsarsuaq.

The Grumman SA-16 Albatross, originally designed for the U. S. Navy, was chosen by the Air Force as their standard long range rescue amphibian. As such, it has saved more than 900 men in Korea. Then Grumman ingenuity wedded a retractable ski to the keel and created the first triphibian able to fly off ice and snow as well as land and water. *Learn to fly with the U. S. Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, or Coast Guard.*



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Ships



From Paris to Dublin, London, Seville, Rome, Zagreb—autumn is gay with fairs, fiestas, festivals and first nights.



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Gay Season

Less than 5 days on s.s. UNITED STATES a day or so more on s.s. AMERICA. Europe's less crowded, prices are lower.

• Autumn's the time to have the time of your life abroad. You'll see Europe "at home," in her own gay season. You'll find hotels less crowded, service at its best, and you'll pay less for everything—including passage on the "glamour team" of the Atlantic:

s.s. UNITED STATES, World's fastest, most modern liner. You'll sail with a gay "Who's

Consult our Authorized Travel Agents or

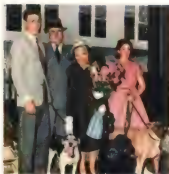
Who" on a long weekend to Europe. She's air-conditioned from stem to stern. "Climate control" in every stateroom.

s.s. AMERICA Wonderful food, experienced service, a friendly atmosphere—and extra days of leisure at sea to enjoy it all. Each ship has 3 Meyer Davis orchestras.

Sailings

s.s. UNITED STATES sails from New York 12 noon, arrives Havre early morning 5th day. Southampton late same afternoon; July 21, Aug. 7, Aug. 21, Sept. 1, and regularly thereafter. First-Class, \$300 up; Cabin, \$220 up; Tourist, \$165 up.

s.s. AMERICA sails from New York 10:00 a.m. 5th day; 6th day Havre; 7 to Southampton; 8 to Bremerhaven; July 23, Aug. 14, Sept. 3, Sept. 25, and regularly thereafter. First-Class, \$295 up; Cabin, \$200 up; Tourist, \$160 up.



Mr. and Mrs. John McElroy and their children: "After more than three years abroad, it was good to have our first taste of home on the s.s. AMERICA. We enjoyed its friendly atmosphere and the wonderful comfort."

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THE PRESS

Frame-up

Readers of Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker*, which steadfastly treated the execution of atom spies Julius and Ethel Rosenberg as a capitalist frame-up, were startled last week when the *Worker* labeled the Rosenbergs "atom spies." The red-faced editors explained they had lifted the story verbatim from a "capitalist press clipping." Apologized the *Worker*: "We are deeply sorry that slipshod copy-editing permitted this vile attack on the martyred Rosenbergs to appear in our paper."



1953 Graftex Photo Contest
GRAFLEX PRIZEWINNER
He outranked a queen.

Captain Comes Home

In a coronation year, perhaps the most memorable picture taken with a Speed Graphic camera, which most newspaper photographers use, was the radiant shot of Queen Elizabeth waving from her carriage (*TIME*, Nov. 17). But last week, in Graftex's annual \$10,000 contest, Charles Dawson's portrait of Elizabeth, for United Press, came in third (\$200). Top honors went to a picture of a more universal and more timeless theme—a soldier coming home from the wars (*see cut*). James N. Keen of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* won the \$500 first prize for his shot of Captain Darrell J. Putnam, after 18 months in Korea, greeting his wife and the daughter he had never seen. In second place (\$100): another *Courier-Journal* photo (by Lucie Becker), of a church picnic.

Polite Strike

The American Newspaper Guild last week shut down a Seattle newspaper for the third time. But the strike against the prosperous, conservative Seattle *Times* (circ. 212,608) was like nothing that Seattle newsmen had ever seen before. By

local standards, it was more of a tea party than a labor dispute.

Seattle still remembers the violence of the first Guild strike in 1936. The green young Guild got help from Dave Beck's roughhouse A.F.L. Teamsters' Union against Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer*. Beck's men threw what he called a "wall of living flesh" around the *P-I*, and shut it down tight for three months. In 1937 a second Guild strike against the now-defunct Seattle *Star* also got rough when the Guild became tangled up with jurisdictional street battles between Beck's Teamsters (no longer Guild allies) and the pro-Guild C.I.O. longshoremen.

Last week's picket line was composed solely of Guild members, predominantly female. Instead of a clout on the head, nonstrikers who braved the line (including Beck's Teamsters) were threatened by women strikers with a lipstick smear on the collar. When *Times* executives arrived for work, the picket lines parted, polite greetings were exchanged on both sides. Said Assistant City Editor Don Brazier (whose father is the paper's editor) as he walked the picket line: "Nobody is mad at the *Times*, yet we are determined to win the increase we know we have coming to us."

Times strikers argued that they had an increase coming because 1) the scale for newsmen in high-cost-of-living Seattle had fallen as much as \$14 a week behind such smaller West Coast cities as Sacramento and Stockton, Calif., and 2) the prosperous *Times* was at new circulation and advertising peaks. The Guild had asked across-the-board increases of 7.8%; the *Times* was offering increases amounting to 3.5% for most staffers. In dollar terms, management and union were only \$2 to \$4.50 a week apart, but at week's end, both sides seemed determined to wait it out. Meanwhile, with the mechanical unions respecting the Guild picket line, the *Times* made no attempt to publish. That left Seattle without an afternoon paper, and the morning *Post-Intelligencer* (circ. 180,838) jumped its daily run to 240,000 to pick up the slack.

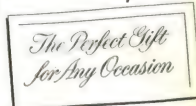
Poetic Treatment

When four stanzas of rough-hewn verse by Reader Lee James Burt first appeared in the column of Chicago *Tribune* Sports Editor Arch Ward, they caused no comment. But last week the twelve-year-old verses by the forgotten contributor to "In the Wake of the News" rated a whole column in the *Trib's* news section, and stories in the opposition papers to boot.

A framed copy of Burt's *The Real Victim*, a tearful protest against domestic discord, had been hung by Judge Cornelius Harrington just inside his courtroom in the Cook County circuit court. Last week, when a pretty blonde named Lorraine Eliason, 25, appeared in court with her husband seeking temporary alimony pending trial of her separate-maintenance suit, Judge Harrington thought that the

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Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Vot, General Manager

Eliases looked ripe for the poetic treatment. He called the couple into his chambers, told them what a "beautiful-looking couple" they were and what a "gorgeous-looking boy" little five-year-old Roy was. Says Harrington: "Their chests always swell up, and they feel real proud. Then I say, 'I have another matter on now. Suppose you step outside and look at the poem on my wall.'" The Eliases looked, and lingered tearfully over two of the sentimental stanzas:

*Their marriage was wrecked and they parted,
Now in a court trial they appeared,
The suit that the mother had started,
Asked that by her their child might be reared.*

*"Would you happier be with your mother?
Answer me," asked the judge, "on your oath!"—*

*The man and wife looked at each other—
The boy sobbed, "I'd be happy with both."*

A few minutes later the Eliases, husband and wife, were back in Judge Harrington's courtroom; the separate-maintenance suit was dismissed. In the dozen years since it has been hanging on the courtroom wall, said Judge Harrington, the Burt poem has helped to reconcile no fewer than a hundred couples.

The Gap Filler

As founder of the weekly *Kiplinger Washington Letter*, Willard Monroe Kiplinger, 62, has built up a \$4,400,000-a-year business by "filling gaps" in news reporting. Besides the *Washington Letter*, "Circulated Privately to Businessmen" (at \$18 a year), Kiplinger and his staff turn out a fortnightly tax letter, a fortnightly farm letter, a monthly magazine *Changing Times*. Last week Kiplinger began filling a fifth gap. "Kip" had discovered that Europe gravely misunderstands U.S. economics, politics, and motives. His answer: a new newsletter, *Overseas Postscript*, to "explain U.S. trends to foreign businessmen."

Kiplinger's letter-writing style has nothing in common with Lord Chesterfield's. Like the other Kiplinger letters, the first issue of *Overseas Postscript* was composed in punchy, prophetic telegraphese. Sample topics: effect of a Korean truce on U.S. output (no "sharp recession, only a wiggle" downward); cuts in foreign aid, immigration quotas, book-burning ("The State Department is ashamed . . ."). Kiplinger, who thinks a newsletter should be a two-way affair, hopes to pick topics for later letters from reader requests for information.

Damage Repaired. Kiplinger's energetic coverage of the news has not always brought the rewards he expected. The day after Harry Truman's victory in the 1948 election, Kip's *Changing Times* was in the mail with a cover story entitled "What Will Dewey Do?" and blaring its "beat" in full-page ads (TIME, Nov. 8, 1948 et seq.). This massive blooper sent the cir-



PUBLISHER KIPLINGER
No Chesterfield, he.

culcation of all the Kiplinger publications plummeting. With characteristic candor, Kip admitted that "I made the mistake." With equally characteristic vigor (staffers estimate that he works as much as 70 or 80 hours a week), Kip set out to repair the damage. Today a new, ten-story office building in Washington houses the Kiplinger publications and a staff of 315. *Changing Times* has climbed to an estimated circulation of 225,000, the *Washington Letter* to about 200,000, the tax and farm letters to 10,000 apiece.

Readers of Kip's crackling *Washington Letter* remember the information he passes along, tend to forget the tips and predictions that do not pan out. He consciously styles the letters to make readers feel that they are on a private pipeline to the best-informed Government sources ("Officials aren't worried about deflation, think they can stop it . . ."). Kiplinger writes every line of the *Washington Letter* himself, sometimes rewrites an item a dozen times to produce what he calls "sweep lines," i.e., sentences that have a single thought to a line, and that end with a punctuation mark at the right-hand margin.

The Trend Sin. Kip himself concentrates on the "Wash Letter," lets his staffers put out the other publications but peppers them with such marginal comments on their handiwork as "Does it have any 'so what?'" and "What do I care?" Kiplinger's 21 editors (who include his wife) get from \$10,000 to \$30,000 a year (plus bonuses), often vacation at Kiplinger's \$100,000 Florida home. In Washington, Kiplinger reporters stay away from press conferences, rely on personal visits with talkative second-run bureaucrats rather than more tight-lipped first-stringers. Says Kip: "Newshounds are after spot news, an item. In the daily news business, it is a sin to look for a trend. We're looking for trends."

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Kaiser's 730,000th car rolls off the line!



Photographed at Willow Run by d'Arcton

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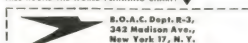
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RADIO & TV

The Real Thing

The table man chanted: "Here he goes for line bets . . . Pay the line . . . Shooting ten, ten's the point . . . No roll, no roll." One of the bettors crowding around the Capri Club dice table was a tall, dark-haired man named Donald Loughnane, who was in the midst of a three-month tour of the illegal gambling joints and after-hours drinking places in and around Omaha, Neb. But Loughnane was no playboy. He was a reporter-announcer for Omaha's station KOWH, and his method of reporting seemed straight out of Dick Tracy: hidden in his wristwatch was a tiny, German-made microphone, from which a wire led up Reporter Loughnane's sleeve to a recorder strapped to his shoulder.

In a recorded show called *Omaha After Dark*, Loughnane and Station Manager Todd Storz aired some of the gleanings of the remarkable wristwatch, brought to listeners the actual click of illegal dice, the clink of ice in illegal highballs, and the voices of illegal nightclub owners and employees. One waitress was heard to reassure Loughnane that her place had not been raided in more than a year; an owner answered a question about gambling by saying: "Sure, downstairs. Just go on down. You know everybody down there."

Omaha reacted to the broadcast with a flood of indignant, civic-minded letters and phone calls. (There were also three threatening messages to Loughnane, which encouraged him to leave town for a brief vacation.) Local officials were embarrassed. Omaha's mayor, Glenn Cunningham, took to the air himself to insist that "Omaha is so clean you could eat off it as you would a tablecloth." But though public protests continued, by last week the gambling joints were still going full blast.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, July 24. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Music in the Air (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Works of Sigmund Romberg.

New Talent, U.S.A. (Sat. 7:30 p.m., NBC). Armed Forces variety show.

Gunsake (Sat. 9 p.m., CBS). Adult western series about a frontier marshal.

Summer in St. Louis (Sun. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Music from *No, No, Nanette*.

TELEVISION

Playhouse of Stars (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Mark Stevens in *Knave of Hearts*.

TV Sound Stage (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Betsy von Furstenberg in *No Fear*.

Saturday Night Revue (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). With Hoagy Carmichael and some new talent.

Adventure (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS). All about gorillas.

Studio One Summer Theater (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *The King in Yellow*.

Ford Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Protect Her Honor*, with Lloyd Nolan.



DOES YOUR BOY PLAY HERE?

Bill and Pete each got a pair yesterday—four of the fattest dump rats you ever saw in your life. So far today, though, the bag hasn't been so good. But with a bat in the hands of the Midgets' mightiest hitter, and the team's best pitching arm getting warmed up good—you'll soon see the fur fly, mister!

You can hardly expect Bill and Pete to realize their playground is a plague-spot. But their folks surely know that the stench, smoke, and dirt from this dump are only surface signs of dangers far more serious. The filth and vermin that accumulate here are potential carriers of disease. They contaminate

everything about your neighborhood—its health and its property values, too.

Many communities are attacking this problem with a simple, inexpensive project called the sanitary landfill. A Caterpillar Diesel Tractor, with Bulldozer or Shovel, digs out a trench into which the dump trucks drop their refuse. With only one operator needed, the tractor rolls its heavy steel tracks over the garbage, comes back and covers

the area with two feet of fresh dirt, then compacts the whole surface. The result is a brand-new piece of property, a healthy spot that would make a fine ball diamond for Bill and Pete.

Maybe your town has a dump problem. Perhaps your own boy thinks it's pretty daring stuff to stalk rats around mounds of garbage. Why not ask your officials about a sanitary landfill project?

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill.

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Most containers are meant to have a short life and a useful one. But the pails and drums that Continental makes of *steel* are just too good to throw away. They literally have nine lives.

In their first life they transport heavy products like paint, roofing or petroleum compounds, chemicals or bulk drugs. They go to market bright, tight and beaming sales appeal.

After their contents are gone, they continue working for years in shops, garages and on the farm. Their labels, lithographed right on the metal sides, remain sharp and clear. The man who uses an empty container for the storage of feed, seed, kerosene or what-have-you is constantly reminded of the brand that came to him in that container.

Continental supplies these "salesmen with nine lives" to an impressive list of leading companies. We are a leading producer of two to 12-gallon flaring and straight-sided steel pails and closed-head drums.

Also important is the fact that Continental is one of the few steel container manufacturers that also make tin cans. This means we can offer our customers an experience in manufacturing and lithographing metal containers that's hard to equal.

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can get in and out of—and ride in—the new Packard comfortably.

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models. Power steering and braking available at extra cost on all models.

People who grew up with Packard and people who want to enjoy Packard prestige are visiting Packard dealers in ever-increasing numbers.

Your Packard dealer will be glad to put one of these new cars at your disposal anytime.

EDUCATION

Harvard: Case Reopened

When Harvard's Dr. Helen Deane Markham, assistant professor of anatomy, refused last March to tell the Jenner subcommittee whether or not she was a Communist, she appeared to some liberals to be a courageous champion of academic freedom. The Corporation of Harvard University, after questioning her on its own, concluded that Anatomist Markham was in fact no Red. It tagged her with "misconduct" for hiding behind the Fifth Amendment, but decided not to fire her (TIME, June 1). Last week the Corporation was forced to reconsider.

Called before the Jenner subcommittee again, Mrs. Markham not only refused to answer questions but implied that Harvard approved her defiance. Then, last month, former FBI Undercover Agent Herbert Philbrick flatly identified her and her husband as former Communists. In 1947, Philbrick told the subcommittee, he attended a meeting of Boston Communists. Subject of discussion: whether Dr. Markham should be transferred to Boston, or whether she should continue her work in the Cambridge Communist cell. Though both the Markhams have denied the Philbrick testimony, the Harvard Corporation decided last week to "reopen" her case, suspend her with pay until she has "an opportunity to be heard."

Houston: That Word

When George Ehey first arrived in Houston a year ago to be deputy superintendent of schools, the Houston Post reported: "He chuckled at reports circulating here that he will be a storm center, a controversial educator." George Ehey had chuckled too soon.

In Houston, as elsewhere, "controversial" is quite a fighting word. Last year the city's schools banned their annual U.N. essay contest because, in Houston's eyes, the U.N. had become controversial. In 1951 a group of citizens barred Willard Goslin, former superintendent of schools in Pasadena (TIME, Nov. 27, 1950 et seq.), as a guest speaker ("a very controversial figure," said one school-board member, although he added: "I don't know anything about the man.") Last May, when able Deputy Superintendent Ehey's contract was up for renewal by the school board, he too became controversial. A noisy, crusading anti-Communist lawyer named John P. Rogge^{*} charged that Ehey was pro-Communist.

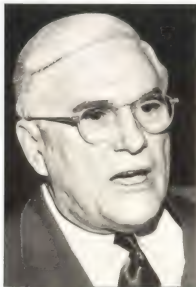
Rogge reported that Ehey had 1) been chairman in 1947 of the California American Veterans Committee, an organization which, he charged, was laced with Communists; 2) been a member of the Portland, Ore. Urban League, and sponsor of an "intercultural program" of Negroes



SUPERINTENDENT EHEY
He chuckled too soon.

and whites while assistant superintendent of schools in Portland; 3) introduced in 1953 a banquet speaker who in 1945 had allegedly sponsored a dinner for Paul Robeson. Rogge claimed to represent hundreds of "taxpayers, school patrons and citizens," but refused to say who they were. Though the slur upon the non-Communist Urban League was obviously absurd, the board thought Rogge's charges required investigation, hired a firm of former FBI men to do the job.

By last week the report was in. It covered 117 interviews and 348 pages, produced no evidence that Ehey had ever



SUPERINTENDENT STODDARD
He surrendered in time.

been a Communist, a fellow traveler, or disloyal to the U.S. It did show that, in the A.V.C., he had failed to take a strong stand against the Communist faction, had even seemed at times to collaborate with them "to save the organization." Was this enough to cost him his job? One night last week, the school board met to decide.

Before a packed audience, the members were polled one by one as to whether Ehey's contract should be extended. All agreed that, at worst, Ehey had been too soft toward Communists in the A.V.C. When six members had voted, the count stood three to three. The deciding voice was Chairman James Delmar's. Delmar made no charges of disloyalty, but, he said, "the community is already split wide open over this matter. [If Ehey] stays in the position, I can only see further conflict." In short, George Ehey was "controversial."

Last week he was out of a job.

Los Angeles: Pink Ford?

In his five years as superintendent of the Los Angeles school system, Alexander Stoddard has been fighting a losing battle. Each fall he finds himself with 10-20,000 new students—and without enough teachers to take care of them. A few months ago Stoddard worked out a plan, submitted it to the Ford Foundation and promptly got a promise of a \$335,000 grant.

Stoddard's plan: Los Angeles was to set up special examinations to select each year 90 qualified men and women with B.A. degrees who might make good teachers. Their training would consist of courses during two summers plus a year's practice teaching (which would mean more time spent on teaching, less on courses than is usual under California's regular teacher-training program). At first, a majority of the Los Angeles Board of Education thought the idea fine.

But to the *Herald & Express* the plan seemed a part of a plot; Stoddard, it said, "is trying to put over a new type of teacher training which might wreck the academic . . . future of a lot of our kids." As for the Ford Foundation it too was suspect: its former president, Paul Hoffman, had caused no end of trouble hacking a UNESCO teaching program, "Pink Socialism," cried the paper. "Hoffman is out of the Ford Foundation, but his spirit is still there."

As the weeks passed, the *Herald & Express* went right on hammering this theme. Then came the news that Stoddard had called on his colleague, Superintendent Will Crawford of San Diego, to administer the plan. "Crawford," cried the *Herald & Express*, "was the center of a storm in San Diego over the UNESCO-teaching there." That seemed evidence enough that Stoddard is trying "to swing UNESCO and 'One World' back into the Los Angeles school system."

Some members of the L.A. board began to switch sides. Finally, last week, just before the plan was to go into effect, Stoddard withdrew his plan, and with considerable relief, the board voted to drop the

* Cousin of Manhattan Lawyer O. John Rogge, who took an opposite tack, became one of the leaders of the fellow-traveling Progressive Party, later a registered lobbyist for Tito.



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whole idea. Mused the Los Angeles *Mirror*: "They shout 'shortage of teachers' and then turn down a . . . grant . . . which would have added 90 teachers a year to the Los Angeles public school staff . . . Some 100 other American cities have accepted Ford Foundation grants without being contaminated."

Said the Ford Foundation's Robert Hutchins: "The patriotism of the Los Angeles school board was so intense that it developed an X-ray eye that enabled it to see Henry Ford II, Benson Ford, Donald David of the Harvard School of Business, and the other men who dominate the Ford Foundation as Communist agents."

How to Be Amika

Charles Thollet, a hardware dealer of Port-Lyautey, French Morocco, knows only a little English, but that did not bother him when he planned a trip through the U.S. He only looked up some addresses, and sent off a few letters beginning "Estimata Sinjoro." Last week the "Dear Sirs" of the U.S. were entertaining him and his wife royally. The language they used: Esperanto.

In the 66 years since Polish Physician Lazarus Ludwig Zamenhof invented it, Esperanto has not become the world language he hoped for, but it has turned into a minor international cult. Today, Esperantists claim to be 1,500,000 strong, about 10,000 of them in the U.S. There are Esperanto books from *La Sankta Biblio* to *Kiel Placis Al Vi (As You Like It)*. Australia has made a movie in it; KLM has advertised, "Flugado sparas tempon kaj monon" (Flying saves time and money); and Bing Crosby sang an Esperanto song in *The Road to Singapore*. Last week the Thollets proved what tourists can accomplish by simply asking, "Cu vi parolas Esperante?"

A mild-mannered little man who learned the language in three months,* Charles Thollet got his first taste of American hospitality when he received a shore-to-ship telephone call while still one day out of New York: "Vi estas bonvenita en Usono." Next day a group of enthusiastic Esperantists were at the pier. They whisked the Thollets through customs, drove them to a hotel, took them up the Empire State Building ("Kiel alta!," exclaimed the Thollets), wine & dined them for six days.

In Detroit, another group of Esperantists took them through the Ford plant ("Kiel granda!"), and in Chicago, still another group showed them the stockyards ("Kiel multaj bestoj!"). Last week, back in Manhattan after a visit with California Esperantists and a few days in Washington, D.C., the Thollets happily pronounced the U.S. "pura, agrabila, kaj automata." But above all, they said, it is *amika* (friendly). Added Sinjoro Thollet to a reporter: "You ought to learn Esperanto. Only three months. Tiel facila!"

* About par for the course, since Esperanto has only 16 rules of grammar, with no exceptions and no irregularities. Sample rules: nouns end in "o," adjectives in "a," adverbs in "e," direct objects in "n," plurals in "j."



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SPORT

Design for Living

(See Cover)

A man in a flying saucer—swooping in low over the U.S. last week—would have had the best of all vantage points for seeing America at its newest mass sport. On just about every navigable body of water, from oceans to big creeks, flecks of white canvas dotted the waterscape like daisies in a field. Coming lower, the saucer man could have seen highways specked with thousands of small trailers. On each, trundling for the nearest water, rested wooden hulls, some almost bathtub shaped, others as sleek and streamlined as space ships.

In the shipyards and backyards where these hulls came from, still others remained. Their toiling owners, in various

the designs for modern living, something around which the rest of the week is arranged. Families haggle over whether Buddy or the breadwinner shall have the Snipe on Saturday afternoon, just as they have long haggled over whether Buddy shall have the car on Saturday night. Mothers take their nursing babes to sea with them, rather than miss a spin with the family. On Sunday mornings, when a good breeze is stirring the tops of the trees, wise churchmen with sailors in their congregations manage to keep their sermons short.

Anyone with an Itch. There was a time when sailors were pretty well confined to short stretches of blue water between Bar Harbor, Me. and Palm Beach, Fla. with a few genteel outposts in New

kit boat (under \$40) can become a yacht owner; anyone with an itch to get out into a boat can be a yachtsman. Last week an estimated half million or so of them were sluicing along under sail, while another 4,300,000 owners of power boats of one kind or another ("stinkpots" to sailors) were chugging up & down U.S. waterways, happily laying down fumes of exhaust gas.

There are still some big yachts. Last week several of them, led by the 161-ft. schooner *Goodwill*, were making port in Honolulu at the end of a 2,225-mile race from San Pedro, Calif.* Likewise, there are still some big, venerable and fairly standoffish yacht clubs, where the dues run to several hundred dollars a year, where it takes a crew of barmen to mix the drinks, and an orchestra plays. Meyer Davis-style, for the evening's dancing. But there are hundreds of other yacht clubs nowadays which offer the essentials—a place to moor a boat, a place for storing sails—for \$25 a year or even less.

Says a Los Angeles yacht broker, summing up the recent changes in a couple of statistics: "Before World War II there were at least 50 really big yachts here—90 ft. or more. Today, there are only 15 left. But replacing the 35 which have disappeared are at least 3,500 smaller boats." San Francisco reports a similar trend: a rise (among registered yachts only) from 1,000 in 1940 to 2,300 today; in the same period, yacht clubs in the area have increased from 20 to 34. And West Coast sailors, unlike Easterners, who generally sail in protected waters with light or fluky winds, have to cope with a minimum of harbor facilities and a maximum of brisk breezes. Around San Francisco, where winds regularly hit up to 30 knots in the bay, any craft under 25 feet is properly considered risky. But the West Coast sailor glories in his necessities: he is an open-water sailor.

Inland, the sport is taking over waters that never saw a sail before. Near Atlanta, Ga. three years ago, a federal flood-control and power project created a winding lake, 30 miles long. By now, over what was once a land of cotton, the yachtsmen of two new Atlanta clubs can sail fleets of Thistles, V-Flyers and Snipes every day of the year. At Wichita, in the dry state of Kansas, lives the National and Western Hemisphere champion in the Snipe (15½-ft.) Class. Aeronautical Engineer Ted Wells, who does his home sailing on tiny (¾ sq.mi.) Santa Fe Lake.

The Champion. What do sailors get out of sailing? A fair amount of peace seems to be one good answer. Unlike the highways (and increasingly the fairways), the waterways still have plenty of uncrowded space. There are few serious smashups at 6 knots, and families with large enough craft can have their fun as families. But sailors themselves get



PACIFIC RACER "GOODWILL" SAILING INTO HONOLULU*
From a flying saucer, a report to Interstellar G-2.

Associated Press

stages of undress, from bathing suits to paint-sprayed dungarees, were busy with the sailor's shore duties of scraping, sanding and painting, and devoting more loving care to the job than most of them would expend on their cars or their homes.

On the water, boats with such family names as Comet, Lightning, Star, Thistle, Raven, Rebel, Weasel and Wood Pussy were chasing each other, waiting for vagrant puffs of breeze, or just lazing along. Sometimes, in a strong puff, one or more blew over; but after thrashing about in the water for a while their crews climbed in again, bailed, and sailed on or waited for a tow. In short, as the saucer man would have been fully justified in reporting to his interstellar G-2, the Americans have found a big new way of getting sunburned, soaked to the skin and happily exhausted.

Sailing in 1953 is, in fact, more than just another sport; for more and more Americans it is rapidly becoming one of

Orleans, the Great Lakes and the West Coast. Those were the days when a wealthy gentleman, admiring J. Pierpont Morgan's 302-ft. *Corsair*, asked him: "How much does it cost to run a yacht?" And old J.P. bluntly told him: "You cannot afford it. Anyone who has to ask how much it costs to run a yacht cannot possibly afford to keep one."

To the elder Morgan and his generation, a yacht was a floating palace with a crew of 60 or so, who had, among other things, to be outfitted in changes of winter and summer uniforms. Since those days the definition of a yacht has relaxed. Anyone with the price of an 8-ft.

* Carrying spinnaker, jib, kollywobler, topsail, mainsail and main topsail.

† An old longshoreman's definition which still has some validity: "You gets any sort of craft you please, fill her up with liquor and sea-guns; you gets your friends on board and have a good time—and that's a yacht."

* Although, this week, on corrected time, the winner in the 33-boat fleet appeared to be the small (39 ft.) ketch *Staghound*.



SAILING YACHTS cluster at Montauk Club anchorage during layover between runs of a port-to-port cruising race.

SPINNAKER RUN of Internationals on Long Island Sound sends Cornelius Shields into lead with his *Aileen*.





SNIFE, 15½ ft. long and costing \$140-\$1,000, finds favor with largest number of boat owners (9,500 in 10 countries).



COMET, designed in 1932 as smaller sister of the Star, costs up to \$1,100; is a favorite with young racers in the Middle Atlantic states.



THE 110 gets name from its 110 sq. ft. of sail. The hot rod of racing boats, it has a long 124 ft. flat bottom that planes across the water in a good wind.

CATAMARAN craze began on the West Coast. Inspired by Polynesian craft "cats" are built like a sled with runners, can hit 10-12 knots downwind.





LIGHTNING, 19-ft. racing yacht, doubles as pleasure cruiser able to hold five besides skipper in roomy cockpit. Price: \$1,500-\$1,800.



PENGUIN, sailing dinghy popular in "frosthite" (winter) racing, can be carried on car top from backyard to beach.



INTERNATIONAL is one of the queens of Eastern racing and boasts some of the top skippers in the sport. The 33-ft.-long

loop, costing up to \$8,000, can make 8 knots running before the wind with spinnaker set. Internationals are built in Norway.



STAR is the leading class in international yacht racing, seen in hundreds of important regattas annually. Stars are 22 ft. 8½ in.

long, tricky to handle, cost about \$2,600. Above: *Flame*, sailed by North American Class Champion C. Stanley Ogilvy (left).

tongue-tied or dreamy-eyed when they are asked why they like it. Typical answer: "It's a pretty sport, and there's nice sunshine out on the water."

Literary-minded sailors are fond of a prefabricated answer from Kenneth Grahame's classic book for children, *The Wind in the Willows*. Afloat one day, the Water Rat assured the Mole: "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing..." Unfortunately, while the Water Rat is expounding this view, he absent-mindedly runs his boat on to a mudbank.

Moreover, to a good many sailors, simply messing about in boats, charming as it is, is not enough. They take their competitive instincts to the water with them. Such a man is Cornelius Shields, 58, a Wall Street stockbroker better known as "Corny"; also sometimes known (by the competitors he has beaten) as the grey fox of Long Island Sound.

If sailing were baseball, Corny Shields would long have ranked with the Stan Musials and Joe DiMaggios; if golf, with the Ben Hogans and Sammy Sneads. But sailing is sailing, and until last year no scheme had ever been worked out for picking a national, all-class men's champion. Then, after some 1,500 elimination races in associations from coast to coast, Corny Shields and his two-man crew beat seven other crews at Mystic Seaport, Conn. last September, and Corny was crowned North American sailing champion, the first in history.

Champion Shields looks like a sailor. He has a thatch of white hair over tanned, weather-beaten features. His clear brown eyes are edged with crowfoot wrinkles from squinting into the sun. Broad-shouldered and stocky (5 ft. 10 in., 180 lbs.), Shields stays in trim by doing a good part of the work on his own boat. A non-smoker (he gave up cigars 15 years ago) and a lifetime teetotaler, he has the wind to stay under water close to a minute at a time, as he lovingly swabs smooth the gleaming green hull of his International sloop *Aileen* before a race.

The Absolute Skipper. Corny has worked out his own design for living on the water. Five mornings a week, he is at his desk in Wall Street's Shields & Co., the family brokerage house. But two days a week—and as many other afternoons as he can justify to his conscience—he heads for the Larchmont Yacht Club, one block from his home, on the north shore of Long Island Sound. There he dons his banker-style clothes for khaki pants and a polo shirt, gathers a three-man crew and hoists sail. On a good day, he can get in two or three hours of wheeling his boat around a selected course, outguessing his rivals (and sometimes being outguessed) on winds and sail settings; outmaneuvering them (and sometimes being outmaneuvered) on the turns. With practice spins, and sailing to starting marks, Corny often spends eight or nine hours a day in his boat.

Like most devout sailors, Corny Shields has brought his children up on the water.



SKIPPER SHIELDS (RIGHT) & CREW² ABOARD "AILEEN"
He likes to beat the best.

The *Aileen* is named for his daughter, who won the national women's sailing championship in 1948. Son Corny Jr., 19 (nickname: Glick), is one of the top Long Island skippers in the speedy 110 Class boats. Mrs. Shields, in the older tradition of yachtsmen's wives, prefers the yacht club porch, seldom races with her husband, "because Corny won't let me do anything in the boat."

In his own boat, Corny is the absolute skipper. "I want all the responsibility," he says. He also admits: "I hate to lose!" Rival skippers—one affectionately calls him "a genius"—would rather beat him than anyone else for just that reason; plus, of course, the satisfaction that comes from beating the North American sailing

champion. This week, Corny celebrated the second day of Larchmont Race Week by leading 19 other Internationals home in a brisk, 18-knot northeasterly. Said Corny happily: "The harder it blows, the better I like it."

"Never Get Excited." Before a race, Shields is the picture of relaxation at the tiller of *Aileen*. With her identifying numeral, 20, on her mainsail, *Aileen* is probably hailed more than any other boat in Long Island waters. He invariably answers all calls, even from total strangers who hail him as "Corny." Often he adds a compliment to the passing skipper on the looks of his boat. To Corny Shields, "all boats are beautiful."

But as the warning booming of the miniature cannon on the committee boat sounds the approach of a race's starting time, Shields settles down to the business at hand: getting off to a split-second start. Nobody racing today does it better. His eyes flicker from the tiny "tell-tales" of thread on the stays (for gauging wind) to his stopwatch, to the starting line, to his sails, which, Corny stoutly maintains, "are 75% of racing success." All the while, he issues quiet orders to his crew of fellow amateurs.

During a race, Shields's only sign of tension is an off-key whistling through pursed lips, a slight clenching and unclenching of his free hand. Though he insists he never gets excited ("The secret of winning is keeping calm") and though he tries never to shout at his crew ("A sure sign of panic on a boat"), Shields is occasionally moderately guilty of both. But invariably he calms down quickly, invariably apologizes in the next breath for a testy command. Ordinarily, Corny Shields, who has probably sailed and won more races than any man alive, lives up to his



YACHTSMAN MORGAN
His definition has relaxed.

From left: John Rhodes, William Le Boutillier, Lou Carreau.



John Zimmermann

V-FLYERS OF THE ATLANTA YACHT CLUB Like fields of daisies over a land of cotton.

maxim for sailing success: "Never get excited."

What a Sailor Must Learn. Cornelius Shields was born far from the sea, in St. Paul, Minn., in 1895. Fifty enough, it was a notable year in U.S. sailing history, though the year's tidings made little ripple beyond the Eastern Seaboard. It was the year in which American yachtsmen, sailing *Defender*, a lineal descendant of the great ocean racer *America*,* defeated the British challenger for the tenth straight time in the America's Cup series. It was also the year in which the premier international championship for smaller boats, the Seawanhaka Cup series, was launched. Though he was in no position to appreciate it at the time, Corny Shields was to help win the Seawanhaka Cup for the U.S. by the time he was 40, and was to have his own turns at the wheel of a big America's Cup boat.

It was not until the Shields family moved to Sydney, Nova Scotia, in 1901, that young Corny got out in his first boat. His father, by then the president of the Dominion Iron & Steel Ltd., bought his family a 15-footer. In that, and in a later 25-ft. Class R type sloop, Corny learned what every good sailor must learn: how to anticipate and take advantage of every little change in weather and tide. By 1909, when the family was settled down in suburban New Rochelle, N.Y., 14-year-old Corny was the acknowledged skipper of the 25-footer, and had set about learning racing tactics in competition: to get the jump on rivals at the start, maneuver a boat so as to steal the wind from a leading boat and pass her, cut a rival off at

the turning of a mark or crossing the finish line.

Fleet Skipper. Corny also became a student at Brooklyn's Poly Prep. He captained the swimming team, played end in football, and was a 220-yd.-dash man at school. But his chief interest was dashing off somewhere to sail. At 22, he won his first Long Island Sound championship in a Larchmont Interclub Class sloop.

In World War I, Corny naturally joined the Navy. He went to the first "90-day wonder" class at Annapolis, served as forward turret officer on the armored cruiser *Montana*, later had a destroyer hitch, and ended his service in 1919 as a lieutenant j.g. But even naval duties did not prevent Corny Shields from doing some racing. In those days, each squadron had a sailboat or so for racing competition, and in the post-armistice winter of 1918-19, when Corny was stationed at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, he skippered the winning 33-footer in a fleet competition.

At war's end, Lieut. Shields headed back for New Rochelle, a business career, and marriage to a New Rochelle girl, Josephine ("Doe") Lapprian. Corny made what was for him the supreme sacrifice: he sold his Interclub sloop to pay for the engagement ring. Soon he had to make another: the newlyweds found that they could not afford to keep up Corny's membership at the yacht club. But by 1924, in partnership with his older brothers in the new firm of Shields & Co., Corny was able to become a Larchmont member again, and resume the winning of Long Island Sound championships.

Comes the Revolution. All through the '20s, Shields sailed and won in class after class: the old "New York Thirties" (44-ft.), the rakish six-meter sloops, Victory Class and Larchmont Interclubs. The summer of 1929 was particularly gay. Every-one, it seemed, had money for yachting: old Sir Thomas Lipton, frustrated since

1899, when *Shamrock* lost in the America's Cup race, was busily building the last of his challengers, *Shamrock V*. A new racing class, the 30-ft. Atlantic Class sloop, was hot off the drafting boards of famed Designer W. Starling Burgess (Shields was to win the national Atlantic championship two years later). In the 40 ft. *Mistral*, Corny raced among the billowing sails of the New York Yacht Club cruise.

On Oct. 24, 1929 ("Black Thursday" in Wall Street), Shields & Co. had most of its assets in cash, happily for Shields & Co. But the bottom dropped out of the big yacht business when the bottom dropped out of the stock market. Nineteen thirty-one marked the start of the popular 154-ft. Snipe Class (9,514 in world waters today), and the trend to smaller boats for more people was under way. As one historian records: "People discovered that a sail was a far cheaper method of transportation than buying gas for an engine."

Trim International. The America's Cup series kept going for a while. In 1937, in the last renewal, Harold Vanderbilt's J-boat *Ranger* whipped Briton Thomas Sopwith's *Endeavour II* in four straight races. Corny Shields was active, that America's Cup summer, doing some crewing on Gerard B. Lambert's *Tankee*, another of the big J Class boats, which raced against *Ranger* for the honor of defending the cup. In the *Ranger*'s after-guard, i.e., board of strategy, was Long Island Sailor Arthur Knapp Jr., one of Corny's ablest continuing rivals for local and national sailing honors.

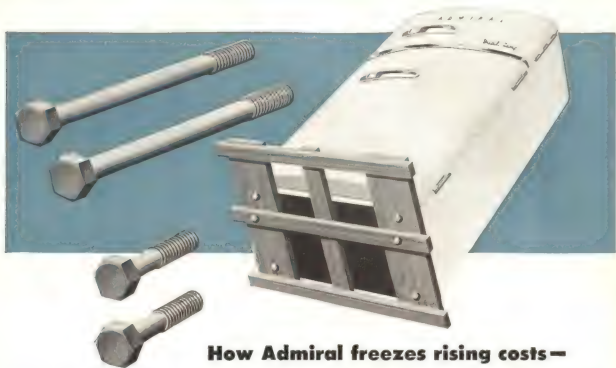
That was also the year that Corny, almost singlehanded, introduced the slim, trim International Class sloops to U.S. waters.

The old Larchmont Interclub boats, he felt, had lost their uniformity and no longer provided fair competition. Corny persuaded a group of fellow enthusiasts to start all over again with a new class: the International One-Design. Built in Norway, all from the same mold, the Internationals are 33-footers (21½ ft. at the waterline) with 426 sporty sq. ft. of sail. The frames are oak, the planking Oregon pine, the decks canvas-covered spruce, the standing rigging stainless steel. "Whether the wind is 4 knots or 40," says Corny, "they're the loveliest boats in the world to sail. Nobody will ever come up with a better one."

Today, there are about 50 Internationals in U.S. and nine in Bermuda waters, another 50 or so in Norway, all built in the same three-year period. So uniform are they that American, Bermudan and Norwegian skippers can (and do) sail against one another on even terms in borrowed boats, without the expense and fuss of shipping their own to overseas regattas. As a further guarantee of racing equality, the Internationals may not be hauled, i.e., drydocked, more than three times a year, nor refitted with sails more than once in two years. One concession to change: nylon spinners, which blossomed on the Internationals this summer.

By constant planning and maneuvering,

* Until the 1850s, both British and U.S. racing yachts were typically constructed on a "cod's head and mackerel tail" plan, i.e., full bow, lean, clean afterbody. The *America*, designed in 1851, reversed the plan with a sharp prow and filled-out afterbody, became the prototype of modern racers.



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Take the big Admiral two-door Dual-Temp home freezer-refrigerator, for example. The six bolts that hold it to the shipping crate could seem to be unimportant. Yet, a Townsend engineer found that by the Townsend method of producing these fasteners, Admiral could save \$13.37

per thousand on one and \$6.34 per thousand on the other bolt. The total annual cost reduction of about \$15,630 presents a definite opportunity to put greater value in the refrigerator without increasing the price to the consumer. Such savings are not unusual with Townsend's fasteners and parts.

In today's competitive markets, many industries rely upon Townsend as "The Fastening Authority" to help improve products, reduce unit and assembly costs. Every day Townsend engineers work with manufacturers of appliances, radio and television receivers, automobiles, aircraft, electrical equipment, farm implements,

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With a background of 137 years of cold-forming experience—with the capacity to produce sixty-million parts every day—with more than ten thousand standard and special items to choose from—Townsend engineers give you the most unbiased recommendations. Ask to have one call and discuss your fastening problems—or, send us samples and sketches of parts you want improved at substantial savings. We will give you estimates without obligation.

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VICEROY
Filter Tip
CIGARETTES

Corny has managed to make the Internationals the "hottest" of the hot competitive classes in the U.S. Included in the class are Knapp, second only to Corny in national honors, young Emil ("Bus") Mosbacher Jr., defending champion, and Designer Bill Luders, whose boats (Luders 16s and cruising boats) sail all over U.S. waters. Corny likes the competition hot for a sound and simple reason: "I like to beat the best." He plays golf, which he took up 15 years ago, the same way. A mid-80s player now, he says: "Sailing and golf are the only two sports I know [he recently gave up skiing] that a man can enjoy indefinitely, and also where a man is entirely on his own; you have to hit the ball, you have to sail the boat."

Summer & Winter. Corny Shields, who has grown up with the small-boat revolution, approves of it mightily, particularly for children. "It's clean and healthful," Corny says, his eyes lighting up. "Sailing teaches them hard work, self-reliance and good sportsmanship. It's a bug that gets you, and I can't think of a better one."

Sailing is a bug that has bitten Corny Shields thoroughly. Like an old sea dog learning new tricks, he took up ocean racing to Bermuda in 1946. "I'd heard all this guff about it for years," he says. "Now, I wouldn't miss it for the world." For the past four years Corny has been first mate on John Nicholas Brown's 73-ft. *Bolero*, helping to sail her from Newport, R.I. to Annapolis and Bermuda; in this year's Annapolis race, *Bolero* came in first. After weighing anchor for eight of nine days during Larchmont Race Week, Corny, who never gets his fill, will hop right on to the *Bolero* again for the annual New York Yacht Club cruise.

After that, he will head back to Long Island Sound for weekend sailing in *Aileen*, with races twice a week. Then, of course, there is the defense of his North American all-class title, which will be sailed off in a series of elimination races and finals in the next two months. But to an ardent yachtsman like Shields, the sailing season never ends. The compulsively competitive yachtsman dreams up new reasons for getting out in his boat, regardless of weather.

In 1932, Sailor Bill Taylor, managing editor of *Yachting*,* conceived a plan for racing dinghies in the winter, dubbed it "frostbite" racing. This chilly, spray-dashed sport, with its quota of icy dunkings, takes place on days when even the most avid snowbird golfer or polar bear swimmer sits by the fire.

Corny Shields, naturally, was one of the charter members of frostbite dinghy sailing. Late this fall, Corny's little sea-green beauty named *Dainty*—Shields at the tiller and some neighborhood youngster along as crew—will take up where it left off last spring. Corny, who would "sail pumpkin seeds if I could find competition," sees nothing unusual about his year-round sailing compulsion. To Corny Shields, as to most other sailors, the

* And the only sportswriter ever to win a Pulitzer Prize (for his New York *Herald Tribune* coverage of the 1934 America's Cup races).



SKIPPER KNAPP
At 4 knots or 40.

sport is the thing, no matter what hardship is involved. Hardship? "Why," says Corny, "I keep so warm sailing that little dinghy that most of the time I don't even bother to wear winter underwear."

Scoreboard

¶ In Chicago, Alfred G. Vanderbilt's great Native Dancer, top-weighted (126 lbs.) in a field of eight, turned on the afterburner in the homestretch and rocketed away to a nine-length victory in the richest three-year-old race ever run, the \$154,300 Arlington Classic.

¶ In Turku, Finland, Olympic Champion Mal Whitfield, pressed by Miler Wes Santee, whirled to a world record at 880 yds. in 1:48.6, breaking the old record by six-tenths of a second. Aiming for ten records in a year (*TIME*, Feb. 16), Whitfield has now set four (others: 500 yds., 500 meters and 600 yds.).

¶ In Silverstone, England, before a crowd of 100,000, Italy's crack Racing Driver Alberto Ascari, in a Ferrari, won the British Grand Prix at a 92.07 m.p.h. clip.

¶ From Korea came word that the U.S. Military Academy's greatest distance runner, 2nd Lieut. Dick Shea, is missing in action. Shea, an army staff sergeant in Germany before he was appointed to West Point, won the IC-4A cross-country championship three years straight (1949-51), holds the West Point indoor records at a mile (4:10) and two miles (9:06.8).

¶ In Chicago, where the white-hot White Sox at week's end had won 20 of their last 35 games, Mrs. Mildred Krahn, 34, a baseball fan, withdrew a suit against her husband for separate maintenance. He had called baseball "foolish," she said, objected to her going to a game, and even took a belt to her. But recently he began to watch the White Sox on TV. "He came to me and told me he was wrong about baseball," said Mrs. Krahn. "He's out right now, trying to buy tickets."



Restaurant revolution! Luscious "Take-Home" dishes in Reynolds Paks, one-piece aluminum containers.



Kitchen revolution! Savory frozen pot pies, ready to heat-and-serve in containers made of Reynolds Aluminum.

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Mealtime revolution! Complete frozen dinners, in Reynolds Aluminum "blue plate" trays over-wrapped with Reynolds Aluminum Foil.



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It's a great and happy revolution...the whole idea of complete meals prepared by master chefs, brought to you ready to heat-n-eat in *Reynolds Aluminum*. No work, no waste, no dishes to wash!

Choose from your dealer's big selection of frozen meals...beef, turkey and chicken pot pies...pot roast, turkey and swiss steak dinners...pastries...Chinese delicacies. Or buy fresh-cooked "Take-Home" dishes in food shops of famous restaurants! If you have anything to do with institutional or in-plant feeding, make way for the revolution there. Saves time, saves work, saves money!

Reynolds, pioneers in aluminum packaging, leads the way in this joyful trend to no-work meals...meals that are also sensational *food bargains*. Aluminum makes it all possible...low-cost aluminum, the metal that's priced no higher today than in 1936-39. For dinner tonight, for business tomorrow...follow the gleam of aluminum to better value! For more information contact your nearest Reynolds Sales Office or write **Reynolds Metals Company**, General Sales Office, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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REYNOLDS ALUMINUM

Great Ideas of Western Man

... ONE OF A SERIES



Artist: Edward E. Gallob

WOODROW WILSON

on limiting the power of government

The history of liberty
is a history of the limitations
of governmental power,
not the increase of it.
When we resist . . . concentration
of power, we are resisting
the powers of death, because
concentration of power
is what always precedes the
destruction of human liberties.

(Speech in New York, 1912)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



MEDICINE

The Unsuspecting

Doctors are no longer surprised by the large numbers of seemingly hale & hearty people who prove on examination to need medical care. Indeed, this fact is the basis of doctors' urgings to all to have regular checkups. Sometimes, however, such examinations are equally valuable because they show that individuals who think themselves sick are really well.

Such was the case in Stibnite, Idaho, where the Mayo Foundation's Dr. J. D. Mortensen gave 391 mineworkers and dependents a thorough going-over. No less than 534 unsuspected disorders, ranging from tooth cavities to heart disease and cancer, were found. About half the subjects had two or more medical problems.

But, reports Dr. Mortensen in *GP*, published by the American Academy of General Practice, there was a reverse twist in the findings on cancer. Seven proved malignancies were detected, but none of these was in any of the eight persons who announced that they thought they had cancer. Thus the checkup helped both those who were mistakenly confident and those with groundless fears.

Poison on the Plate

Checking up on 1952's crop of food-poisoning cases, the U.S. Public Health Service reported last week that trouble might be found in anything from egg powder to bear meat, but that it usually results from the flouting of two basic rules: 1) food handlers should have clean hands, and 2) there must be no delay in properly storing food. Said Dr. Carl C. Dauer in *Public Health Reports*: "Food stored promptly in an inexpensive icebox is less likely to spoil than food placed in the most elaborate refrigerator after a few hours' exposure at room temperature."

Surprisingly, milk was indicated as the carrier of disease in only three outbreaks throughout the U.S., and only three minor cases were traced to milk products: one each to cheese, ice cream and eggnog. Still more surprising, only one outbreak (66 cases) involved shellfish. Otherwise, the old standbys in the spoilage and upset-stomach routine were to blame: cream-filled pastries, ham, turkey, chicken and tuna fish salad.

An egg powder for infants gave P.H.S. its biggest detective job. The first case of dysentery showed up in the District of Columbia. Then came reports from New York City. Eventually, more than 30 cases in 16 states were proved, all traceable to egg powder from a single manufacturer. Within the month, the disease detectives clinched their case and yanked the whole lot off the market.

As in every year, there were cases of trichinosis from eating undercooked pork, but 1952 supplied an oddity: there was one outbreak involving seven persons who had eaten bear meat. Somebody had made the mistake of keeping the meat in ordinary cold storage (which is not cold

enough to kill the larvae of the worms) for ten days.

Botulism, the deadliest of all food poisonings, was reported only twice, but it killed four of its five victims. Since the bacteria which secrete botulin can thrive only when they are carelessly sealed in a nourishing medium without air, botulism nowadays is associated with home canning. In California, two victims ate home-canned mushrooms; in Oregon, two ate home-canned beets. They would have been all right if they had reheated the food.

No less than 81 cases of streptococcal sore throat were found among patrons of

"must have turned away simultaneously." Ruled the coroner: accidental death.

¶ After a few Montana mineowners hit pay dirt by charging the crippled and credulous for sitting in a worked-out uranium mine and absorbing the "radiation" (TIME, July 7, 1952), some Nevada casino operators figured they were missing a bet. Now they are doing a gold-rush business at Mesa, Ariz., charging visitors \$3.50 for half an hour in an air-cooled mine shack. Geiger counters show that the radiation is no stronger than that from an old radium-dial watch. Says the A.M.A.: "An unfortunate hoax."

¶ As Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden prepared to go home, feeling much better after his bile-duct operation at Boston's



STRICKEN DAY CAMPERS IN BROOKLYN
Also bear meat, eggnog and the cook's thumb.

a college dining room, and were traced to the least excusable source: pus draining from the wound of a cook who had cut his thumb.

Last week, after eating lunch at Brooklyn's Ocean Parkway Jewish Center Day Camp, 125 youngsters, 20 counselors and three bus drivers began to keel over like tinpins. More than 100, aged eight to twelve, went to hospitals, and 37 stayed overnight, but all recovered quickly. Suspected cause of food poisoning: mayonnaise in an egg salad, served when the temperature was heading for the mid-90s.

Capsules

¶ U.S. flour millers are feeling the pinch as more and more overweight citizens cut down on calories and take in their belts. In 50 years, U.S. per capita consumption of flour products has shrunk from 225 lbs. a year to 130, is still going down.

¶ Henry Austin, 58, had just been operated on for lung cancer in Birmingham, England when he rolled off the table, crashed to the floor, died. Explained Surgeon Satyen Basuroy: he and the nurse

Lahey Clinic, another international patient flew in for similar surgery at the skilled hands of Dr. Richard Cattell. This one, who had also failed to get relief from operations in his homeland, was Mohammed Kuttob, a lowly private in the army of Jordan.

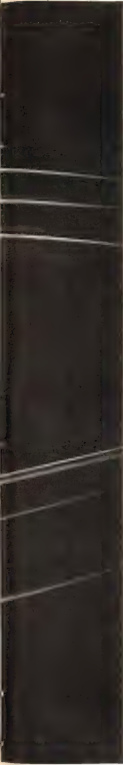
¶ Medical officials of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers of America, miffed because they had got nowhere with their complaints of poor administration, poor care and overcharging at the 600-bed Jefferson-Hillman Hospital in Birmingham, Ala., ordered 300 doctors to send no more U.M.W. patients there. Those now in (about 75) are to be sent home as soon as possible: urgent cases must go to smaller hospitals, where the union's welfare fund will pay their bills.

¶ Canadian Psychiatrist Brock Chisholm, first "doctor to the human race," ended a five-year term as director general of the U.N.'s World Health Organization. Into his place stepped Brazil's Dr. Marcelino Gomes Candau, 42, trained in public-health work at Johns Hopkins and lately deputy director of WHO's Pan American Sanitary Bureau.



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CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY, TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO



Where the Traffic Department Holds all the Reins

This is the story of an unusual organization,
but it carries a suggestion that could help other businesses.

Can you imagine a traffic department scheduling the number of production workers who are to report for each shift? Or deciding how many packaging lines are to turn out which of the company's nearly 200 different packages?

Yet such a set-up makes sense when you see how the whole operation is based on traffic flow — flow of raw materials into the plant, flow of product out to distributors in every part of the world and return flow of empty containers to be refilled. It's a closely scheduled movement that keeps some 600 rail cars so constantly on the move that demurrage, once \$1500 a month, has become a negligible \$39 monthly item in the company's \$7,000,000-a-year freight bill.

Every Movement Is On Schedule

Each day's production is planned to fill the cars that go out that day. Shipments are planned so that most of each car's contents can be delivered straight from the unloading platform. And if it is a mixed car, the distributor will find the items he wants to unload first are nearest the car door. Warehousing means extra handling and increased inventory, so it is held to an absolute minimum by a stock control system which reports back to Traffic.

A Suggestion for Other Businesses

Though this is a system that would not be applicable everywhere, it does suggest the possibility that any business can reduce inventory, give faster delivery and cut handling costs through closer cooperation between Traffic, Production and Sales.

*As one of the great carriers of
merchandise freight in the country, The*

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

*is vitally interested in any plan
that will move more goods, more efficiently.*

ART

Patience Rewarded

Detroit's Institute of Arts, which has been energetically working its way up the list of the nation's top museums, added a treasure last week that even such giants as Manhattan's Metropolitan and Washington's National Gallery would be proud to own. The painter was Italy's Renaissance Master Stefano di Giovanni Sassetta (1392-1450). The work: a dramatic series of three small (the largest, 19½ by 25 in.) panels from a 15th century altarpiece showing Christ's *Agony in the Garden*, *The Betrayal of Christ* and the *Procession to Calvary*. Together the three paintings make up the only Sassetta predella (i.e., a strip of paintings along the base of the altar) in the U.S., and it was something that took the museum almost 30 years to acquire.

Detroit had bought the *Procession to Calvary* in 1925 when the present building was under construction, got *The Betrayal* from an English collector 21 years later. Both were magnificent pieces, devout scenes of Christ under the burden of the cross and accepting the fatal kiss from Judas. But Sassetta's *Agony in the Garden*, in brilliant gold leaf, soft roses and browns with a rosy-cheeked angel under a cobalt-blue sky, was the handsomest of the three—and the hardest to get. It belonged to an English noblewoman named Lady Mary Catherine Ashburnham, who guarded it jealously in her private gallery, rarely let anyone see the picture, much less talk of buying it.

Lady Mary Catherine was the last of her branch of an 800-year-old line, and after she died last winter her collection went up for auction. By common consent most big dealers withheld their bids, and when the

auctioneer's hammer fell for the last time Detroit owned Sassetta's prized *Agony* for a bargain \$25,000. The institute could hardly believe its good luck at bringing together three pictures that had been separated for centuries. Said Assistant Director Paul L. Grigaut: "Both English and American dealers were very cricket about it. Our biggest trouble was getting it away from Italian collectors. Amazingly enough, they have few Sassetas on display in their own country and they wanted to take it back to Italy."

New Look at Mummy

"One does like to make one's Mummy just as nice as possible," said James McNeill Whistler after he finished his most famous painting. Whistler's dignified, peaceful portrait of his mother, which he called *Arrangement in Grey and Black*, was nice enough to gain it lasting world esteem make it the best-known painting by an American. But most Americans have never seen it in the original.

Part of the reason goes back to the lack of enthusiasm with which the picture was greeted in its early years. Whistler packed it off to the 1872 show of the Royal Academy in London, where the Academicians promptly consigned it to the cellar "down among the dead men," until one committee member persuaded his reluctant colleagues that it deserved a showing. When Whistler got his *Mother* back, he pawned it (along with three other paintings) in 1878, then found that he could not do without his Mummy, and redeemed her for £50. In the early 1880s the picture was exhibited in Philadelphia and New York, offered for sale at \$1,000. There were no takers. Then in 1891 the French government, apologizing to the artist for

the paltry price, bought the *Mother* for 4,000 francs (\$772), and hung it in the Luxembourg Museum.

Since then, *Arrangement* has been the property of the French government. It was shown once in America, from 1912 to 1914, when it was lent to the Museum of Modern Art, and, insured for half a million dollars, taken on a U.S.-wide tour. Otherwise, Whistler's compatriots have seen the painting only in reproduction or on visits to an annex of the Louvre, to which it was moved in 1926. At the outbreak of World War II, the *Mother* was cached in the country for safekeeping. After Paris was liberated in 1944, the painting was returned to the Louvre, where it was put into storage.

Last week the portrait was on public view again for the first time in 14 years. The village of Blérancourt, 67 miles northeast of Paris, staged a special show in its Musée de la Coopération Franco-Américaine, commemorating the 50th anniversary of Whistler's death on July 17, 1903, and the Louvre lent the painting for exhibition until this fall. After that, Whistler's famous parent, sitting so gravely and so quietly in her golden frame, will probably be shipped to the U.S., so that Americans can have another look at the most popular of all American paintings.

The Glow of Compassion

THE 20th Century has known just one great religious artist: the 82-year-old French recluse, Georges Rouault. Moody and mystical by nature, Rouault strives to paint not the pleasing but the sublime, and he scorns the world's opinions. Yet inevitably the world is catching up with him. Far from Rouault's obscure Paris apartment last week, the Los Angeles County Museum was staging a full-scale retrospective of his vast lifework. Included were 50 paintings from an exhibition arranged by the Cleveland Museum of Art and Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art, plus 39 more borrowed from local collectors, and 72 prints. The survey proved that Rouault's powers have steadily matured throughout his life and that he is now painting better than ever.

Tropping the Terrible. Rouault's start was as violent as much of his painting has been: he was born in a cellar during the bombardment of Paris in the 1871 insurrection of the Commune. A poor boy, he started work at 14 in a stained-glass factory. The experience helped shape his art, in which the world gleams like colored bits of broken bottles. At 20, Rouault quit his job to study painting at the feet of a sympathetic academician named Gustave Moreau, who gave him solid training and a word of hard advice: "Give thanks to God that you are not successful until as late as possible. Only thus will you be able to experiment freely and without restraint."

Rouault, who had been a highly academic student, started experimenting with a vengeance, trapping lumpy whores



SASSETTA'S "AGONY IN THE GARDEN"
The giants were very cricket.

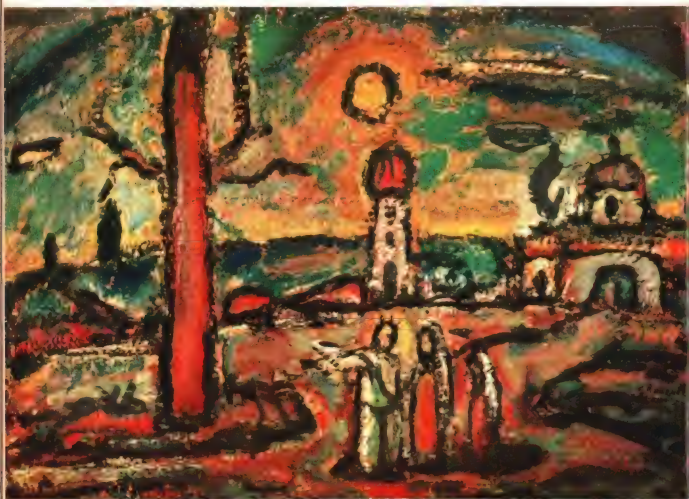
Detroit Institute of Arts



GEORGES ROUAULT'S "THE DREAMER" (1948-52) IS TROWELED ON TO CANVAS IN HIS NEW, HIGH-KEYED STYLE



"CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES," DONE IN 1925, IS SOMBER PRODUCT OF ROUAULT'S MIDDLE AGE



"END OF AUTUMN, NO. 5," WHICH ROUAULT FINISHED IN 1952, MINGLES FIRE WITH ICY CHILL

leering judges and miserable clowns in slashes and fat smears of hot dark paint. Outrage seemed his inspiration and Damiér his master. He sold practically nothing until he was past 40, even his friends found him unbearably perverse. Writer Léon Blum who had converted Rouault to Catholicism, put it bluntly: "You have a hideousness in your head."

Then Dealer Ambroise Vollard began promoting him and Rouault's reputation



GEORGES ROUAULT
A precariously serene.

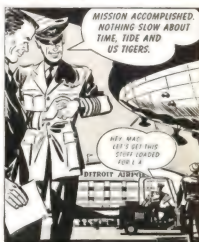
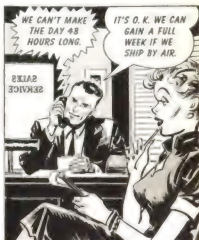
grew. His art was growing even faster: it lost the taint of caricature and took on the glow of compassion. Religious paintings became his most important work. At first, pure torment was what they conveyed. Then slowly Rouault imbued them with infinitely weary, infinitely tender peace. The same peace flooded his harsh landscapes, and his clowns ceased to be merely pathetic; they became almost Christlike.

Painting the Down. As the years lengthened, Rouault's palette brightened. A precarious-seeming serenity is now his prevailing mood. Some of his most recent figures, such as *The Dreamer* (page 69), even date the beginnings of a smile. "I have spent my life painting twilights," Rouault says, "so I ought to have the right now to paint the dawn."

Whether Rouault's art will be honored in future as it is now is obviously anyone's guess. His deceptively coarse technique smacks of archaism; it derives partly from Romanesque sculpture and partly from Gothic stained glass. He has not enlarged the bounds of art but only formed an eclectic, intensely personal method of expressing himself. Rouault's paintings are as rich in color as Byzantine mosaics but less clearly conceived, and as deep in human feeling as Rembrandt's illustrations of the Bible, but less fully developed. Yet the fact that such comparisons are possible at all indicates the old man's genius.

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OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES • GENERAL OFFICES: LOCKHEED AIR TERMINAL, BURBANK 8, CALIFORNIA • CABLE: FLYTIGER

RELIGION

Cloud of Witnesses

"The largest religious gathering in the United States" got under way this week when Jehovah's Witnesses swept down upon New York City for their 19th convention. There were some 125,000 of them in all.

As usual, the Witnesses were as well organized as they were numerous. For the estimated 10,000 who came by car and trailer, there was a 101-acre parking lot across the Hudson River in New Market, N.J., with reserved parking sites, food stores, a cafeteria, showers, and two big laundries equipped with washing machines. For those who came by train, bus, plane or ocean liner (the *Georgic* alone brought 234 of the 22,000 Witnesses coming from abroad), there were billets aplenty from Times Square to the Grand Concourse. Loaves and fishes for this multitude were processed on a suitable scale: the entire second floor of a garage was turned into one 20,000-square-foot kitchen equipped with 41 giant steam cookers. Maintenance men, butchers, guides, electricians, steamfitters, carpenters, cooks, sign-painters and musicians to the number of 20,000 were enrolled to "work for the Lord." Estimated market value of their contributed services: more than \$1,500,000.

Witness President Nathan H. Knorr of Brooklyn set off the eight full days of song, prayer and preaching in Yankee Stadium with a fiery sermon. "Jehovah's Witnesses are one united flock!" he cried. "They will follow their King-Shepherd in His pastoral work until all of His sheep of this generation have been found and gathered out of all nations into the one flock, there safely to abide and attain endless life in Jehovah's new world."



N.Y. Daily News

WITNESS KITCHEN
Loaves and fishes, suitably processed.

"Purge Imperialists"

When the Communists took over China, they thought they knew just what to do with the country's some 3,500,000 Roman Catholics: set up an "independent" (i.e., puppet) Catholic church, and switch them in. For more than a year it has been clear to the Communists that the plan is not working. Latest reports from refugees in Hong Kong: during the last two months Communist propaganda in such cities as Shanghai has barely mentioned the independent church; instead, it is plugging a new slogan—"Love country, love church, purge imperialists."

The definition of imperialists is foreign priests, or Chinese priests who resist pressure to play ball with the Communist government. Against the dozen priests recently arrested in Shanghai (TIME, July 6) were lodged an assortment of blood & thunder charges backed up by a public exhibit of firearms, knives, invisible ink, code books, and murder-plot documents. Church officials in Hong Kong fear this is just the beginning: in China today are 349 foreign priests (about 40 in jail), 19 lay brothers and 196 nuns (as compared with 2,500 foreign priests, 100 brothers and 2,000 nuns when the Communists came to power). In addition, there are some 2,000 Chinese priests, of whom about 200 are in jail. The U.S. consulate lists a total of 40 American missionaries now in China—31 Catholics and nine Protestants.

Since the arrests began, refugees report that attendance has tripled at Shanghai's seven Catholic churches. There have been stories, too, of high personal courage. When the Communists called a meeting of Catholics in one Shanghai parish to listen to a series of tirades against an arrested priest, a woman rose and shouted: "We are told our priests are bad. I think it's the Communists who are bad."

"How can you prove this?" demanded the chairman.

The woman promptly produced a fistful of bank notes and waved them aloft. "Here is my proof," she yelled. "These 10,000 People's dollars which the Communists paid me to come here and denounce our priests!" Then the police closed in.

De Senectute

In a chat with an interviewer for London's *Daily Express*, the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, 93, famed "Gloomy Dean" (1911-1934) of London's St. Paul's Cathedral, ruminated glumly on his own life.

"If I could live my life again, I don't think I should be a clergyman . . . I have never been happy about the Church of England. Perhaps it will be said of me that as I grew older I became a better Christian and a worse churchman . . . I do not love the human race. I have loved just a few of them. The rest are a pretty mixed lot . . .

"All my life I have struggled to find



DEAN INGE
No better, no worse.

the purpose of living. I have tried to answer three problems which always seemed to me to be fundamental: the problem of eternity, the problem of human personality, and the problem of evil. I have failed. I have solved none of them, and I know no more now than when I started. And I believe no one ever will solve them . . .

"I have done my best, and I hope I haven't entirely wasted my life. But I don't think the world is a better place for having had me in it. The world is no better and probably no worse. It is the same as it always has been and, no doubt, always will be. But don't call me the Gloomy Dean. I never deserved that. I have tried only to face reality, to be honest and refuse to be foolishly optimistic.

"I know as much about the after life as you—nothing. I don't even know there is one—in the sense in which the church teaches it. I have no vision of 'heaven' or a 'welcoming God.' I do not know what I shall find. I must wait and see."

Words & Works

¶ In Washington, the House of Representatives resolved that Congressmen standing in the need of prayer should have a place for quiet devotions in the Capitol. If the Senate agrees, a small room will be set aside between the House and Senate chambers.

¶ In New Hope, N.C., Presbyterian Pastor Charles M. Jones of Chapel Hill lost a final battle with the Orange Presbytery, which had removed him from his pulpit for showing too little regard for Presbyterian doctrine (TIME, Feb. 23). Announced Jones, after the Presbytery voted down his request for a change-of-venue appeal: he was resigning from the church's ministry. "I cannot place dogma above Christianity . . . I believe [the Christian's] first loyalty is not to his denomination but to the church universal."



By the edge of the Pacific, approaching Torrey Pines Grade on Highway 101, near La Jolla, Calif.

THIS IS A GLARE-SHIELD

Put yourself here, for extra comfort and safety.

This light blue-green *shaded* windshield of E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass does more than protect your eyes from wind and rain and dust. It shields them from the nagging strain of glare. It protects you from blinding sun and skybrightness, stabbing reflections and oncoming headlights. It makes everything look cool and clear and you feel luxuriously relaxed at the wheel.

With E-Z-EYE Safety Plate Glass in all your windows, you'll feel cooler in summer, too, because solar radiation through E-Z-EYE is much less than through regular safety glass.

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when you need safety glass

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE

with the shaded windshield

Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat



ALL L-O-F SAFETY GLASS IS GRADE-MARKED
If the word PLATE isn't etched on your car windows,
they aren't safety Plate glass.

Confidential Memo!

To: Experienced Engineers and Scientists

From: *South Wind* DIVISION
STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

Re: A challenging, rewarding job!

Does it surprise you to find a "help wanted" ad in Time magazine? Actually, the fact that you are reading it here is a true indication of the emphasis we place on finding just the right men to fit into our developmental engineering departments.

This policy has resulted in our having the finest engineering staff in the fields of combustion and heat transfer. If you are the type of man we want, you will find working with these men an inspiration and a pleasure.

Here at South Wind, heating has been raised to a science. Our products have opened up a new horizon in domestic, automotive and aircraft heating—and the next few years will extend that horizon even further.

The men we want will have ME, EE or AE degrees and a minimum of three successful years of engineering experience. We offer outstanding inducements to the right men.

You will, if qualified for the jobs now open, be paid well, commensurate with your experience. You will be eligible for a pension plan, health insurance—all of the advantages that you'd expect working for a big, strong company that's the leader in its field.

If you're interested, and think we would be interested in you, write, telling of your experience, or use the coupon below. We'll keep it completely confidential, even return your letter if you wish, and you'll hear from us within two weeks.

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thousands of
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Here's Why... Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Anacin gives FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

CONVENIENCE

Located in the heart of the Grand Central area. Close to theatres, shops, offices and transportation. All restaurants and many guest rooms are pleasantly air-conditioned. Dine and dance in the famous Roosevelt Grill.



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MILESTONES

Born. To August ("Gussie") Anheuser Busch Jr., 54, president of Anheuser-Busch, Inc., second biggest U.S. brewery (Budweiser), and president of the St. Louis Cardinals, and his third wife, Gertrude Hubolzer Busch, 26; their first child (his fifth), a son. Name: Adolphus August. Weight: 8 lbs. to oz.

Married. Frank Stranahan, 30, high-ranking U.S. amateur golfer and Toledo spark-plug millionaire; and Ann Williams, 21, a Dallas model; in Chicago.

Married. Marguerite Piazza, 33, one-time Metropolitan Opera lyric soprano and TV songstress (*Your Show of Shows*); and William Condon, 45, Memphis snuff company executive, she for the third time, he for the second; in Jackson, Miss.

Divorced. Bela Lugosi, 68, veteran Hollywood cinemomster (*Dracula*); by his third wife, Lillian Arch Lugosi, 41, on the ground that his "unfounded jealousy" constituted mental cruelty; after 29 years of marriage, one son; in Los Angeles.

Died. Maurice Joseph Tobin, 52, Secretary of Labor under Truman (1948-53), onetime Massachusetts governor (1945-46), and mayor of Boston (1938-44); of a heart attack; in Scituate, Mass. Son of an Irish immigrant carpenter, he grew up in Boston's drab Mission Hill district, worked his way through high school, studied law at night. After two years in the state legislature, handsome Democrat Tobin twice upset Boss Jim Curley in hard-fought mayoralty campaigns—resigned to win the governorship by 150,000 votes, lost it to Back Bay Republican Robert F. Bradford two years later. Appointed Labor Secretary by Truman before the 1948 election, Fair Dealer Tobin backed union demands in last year's steel dispute, urged revision of the Taft-Hartley Act.

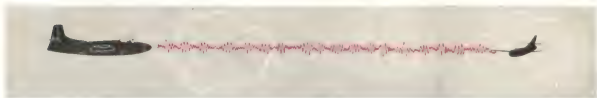
Died. Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, 74, second Duke of Westminster and one of the world's richest landlords; of coronary thrombosis; in Loch More, Scotland. Reportedly worth \$168 million in inherited real estate (e.g., 200,000 acres of farmland, 600 acres of London's West End, including the site of the U.S. embassy), the fun-loving duke was a World War I hero, a collector of great art (e.g., Gainsborough's *The Blue Boy*), and a ladies' man (four marriages, three divorces). To celebrate his third marriage (to Socialiste Loelia Ponsonby) in 1910 he granted his poorer tenants remission of arrears and a week's free rent, but hoped in vain for a son to succeed him.

Died. Maude Adams, 80, one of the most beloved actresses of the U.S. stage; in Tannersville, N.Y. (see THEATER).

Died. Hilsire Belloc, 82, Edwardian man of letters; in Guildford, England (see FOREIGN NEWS).

No. 21 in a series:

*Radar eyes see in darkness, storm, or fog
to lock this twin-jet fighter on its prey . . .*



—the Douglas **F3D** Skyknight

Out of Korea come new reports of the Douglas F3D Skyknight in action, downing MiGs for the United States Marines in spite of inky black skies or foul weather conditions.

Designed for the U. S. Navy, the all-weather Skyknight flies at near-sonic

speeds, operates from aircraft carriers as well as small advanced airfields. Side-by-side seating of pilot and radar operator results in closer combat teamwork—makes for maximum efficiency in operating Skyknight's modern radar search and fire control against enemy planes

approaching our defense perimeter.

Performance of F3D Skyknight in action is another example of Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes that can be produced in quantity to fly faster and farther with a bigger payload are a basic rule of Douglas design.



Be a Naval flier—write to
Nav Cad Washington 25, D. C.

Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation



What happens when

What happens to BUSINESS...



CONVAIR CORP. Pres., General J. T. McNarney: "Few responsibilities are greater than keeping Americans informed of current events. No one is doing it better than LIFE Magazine."



TUNA PACKERS President J. B. Lane: "LIFE helped us double sales in a few years. It is as effective an advertising medium as exists."



AVOCADO RANCHER P. R. Hurd: "I value LIFE for its news, plus its articles on up-to-date agricultural methods—all in good pictures and texts." In 13 issues, LIFE reaches 43% of all U.S. households headed by farmers.*



PIGGY-WIGGLY food chain owner D. D. Williams, Jr.: "LIFE is the key to our annual store promotions. LIFE readers have the most interest, are the people who buy from us."



WALKER'S DEPT. STORE Pres. G. A. Scott: "My buyers use LIFE to show manufacturers which lines we want most. Tie-ins with LIFE-advertised merchandise increase our sales."

LIFE hits

SAN DIEGO?

TOURISTS and tuna, avocados and aircraft—these are only some of the commodities by which San Diego earns its living, and fashions a leisurely, sun-warmed way of life that is unique among U.S. cities.

The interests of San Diego's people range wide—from deep-sea research to one-man airplanes—from chimpanzees to souped-up Cadillacs.

Perhaps that is why, as in city after city across the nation, 3 out of 5 of San Diego's households—92,010 in all—are readers of LIFE.* They share the universal American hunger to see and know and understand... the curiosity about folks next door and peoples across the sea that is satisfied only by LIFE's special kind of picture-and-text reporting.

On these pages, you see some examples of how the people of San Diego, from admirals to zoo keepers, feel the impact of LIFE upon their individual interests, as well as on their general concern with the way people live and work and play together.

*From *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE* (1952), by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. A LIFE-reading household is one in which any adult member has read one or more of thirteen issues.

LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

What happens to PEOPLE...



GADGET-LOVING Louis Mattar equipped car with TV, shower, kitchen sink for non-stop trip coast to coast (LIFE, 1952). "I was flooded with letters and phone calls from as far away as London and Paris."



"POP" MILLAR DAY for juvenile officer was covered in 1947: "People I've never seen before still say they remember me from the LIFE story."

WORLD'S SMALLEST PLANE was built by engineer W. F. Chana (LIFE, Dec. 20, 1948). "LIFE's story on the Wee Bee brought tons of mail."



What happens to INSTITUTIONS...



SCRIPPS INSTITUTE of Oceanography Prof. C. E. ZoBell: "It is important to keep the public informed on science, a job LIFE does well with entertaining and educational stories."



11th NAVAL DISTRICT Commandant Rear-Admiral J. W. Roper: "LIFE has proven an excellent publication in bringing up-to-date news of world events to busy Naval personnel."



ZOO DIRECTOR Belle Benchley: "LIFE brings the world closer to millions, and makes a great many people aware of the news. Its stories of wild animals help to educate and inform."

BUSINESS

EARNINGS

First Half: Good

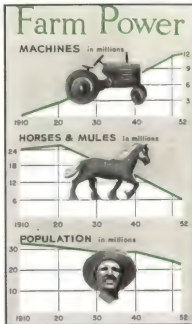
Wall Streeters had expected corporate earnings to be good for the second quarter. But the flood of reports that came out last week equalled or exceeded their expectations. A sampling of more than 100 companies which reported for the second quarter (or for the first six months) showed higher profits than a year ago for 77% of the list.

Typical of the good news was Douglas Aircraft, whose stock jumped $\frac{3}{4}$ points in a few hours after the earnings statement was released. Reason: net profit for the six months ended May 31 was \$10,042,975 on sales of \$450 million; both gross and net were more than double those for the same period a year ago. The quarterly dividend was boosted from 75¢ to \$1, and an extra dividend of \$1.50 was declared. Though President Donald Douglas warned that the rest of the year might not be so good, the stock edged up another $\frac{1}{8}$ points by week's end.

Record for G.E. Steelmakers, hit by strikes in the second quarter of 1952, boosted profits sharply this year as mills worked at capacity. Republic Steel's President Charles White reported a net of \$14,931,475 v. \$4,502,543 in last year's second quarter. Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp. earned \$2,163,275 for the quarter v. \$880,425, and Pittsburgh Steel Co. reported first half earnings of \$3,826,612 v. \$674,891 a year ago.

In spite of grumblings about slow appliance sales, General Electric reported a whopping \$1,560,448,000 in sales for the first six months, an alltime high. Net profit for the period, said President Ralph J. Cordiner, was up 32% to \$75,417,000. American Airlines profits, reflecting the air travel boom, rose from \$5,009,000 in the first half of last year to \$6,658,000, President C. R. Smith reported.

General Lucius D. Clay, chairman of Continental Can, announced sales and



Time Chart by J. Donovan

earnings in the first six months of 1953 were highest in the company's history. Net of \$6,911,364 in the period compared with \$4,202,036 last year. General Foods earnings for the second quarter were up from \$5,317,523 to \$5,953,765, though H. J. Heinz Co. reported lower net profits on higher sales for the year ended April 30. In the drugstore field, United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corp. reported higher net income, in spite of a sales decline of almost \$1,000,000. About 80% of the railroads (most of them reporting for the first five months) and utilities (mostly for the year ended June 30) showed improved net income.

Back in Focus. Even the movie industry was looking up. Loew's Inc. had a profit of \$1,014,142 for the twelve weeks

ended June 4, v. \$740,817 a year ago; in the 26 weeks ended April 24, Republic Pictures Corp. net was up from \$379,551 a year ago to \$473,150. Polaroid Corp., which makes glasses for three-dimensional pictures, reported that sales almost doubled and earnings almost tripled (\$2.34 per share v. 78¢ a year ago) in the first six months.

Most of the companies that reported smaller profits this year were off by only a small margin. e.g., Industrial Rayon Corp., down from \$2.35 a share to \$2.33. A few companies reported deficits. One of the biggest: Lehigh Valley Coal Corp., which lost \$1,146,019 in the first half v. a net loss of \$569,093 a year ago.

Dividends kept pace with higher earnings. Corporations distributed about \$4 billion in dividends during the first half, up 4% from a year ago, the Commerce Department reported last week. And in June alone, dividend disbursements were \$1,250,000,000, 6% higher than last year.

AGRICULTURE

From Men to Machine

*Now join hands and circle to the left
With the tractor in the lead . . .
Swing along to the engine's roar,
See how Fast-Hitch lets you do more . . .
Hitch that buster, disk and plow
Right from the seat, you all know how.*

Outside Chicago last week, to the fiddled squeak of Turkey in the Straw, International Harvester Co. showed off a new kind of square dance that will tour the country-fair circuit later this summer. Performed by four new Harvester tractors, the dance is designed to show just how fast the machines can hitch up to various farm implements, with the help of a new hydraulic coupling device. With Harvester's new coupler, farmers do not have to dismount from their tractors to hitch or unhitch plows, harrows, weedeers and other Harvester implements; working



AMERICAN'S SMITH, DOUGLAS' DOUGLAS, G.E.'S CORDINER, REPUBLIC'S WHITE
High expectations, higher rewards.

Associated Press, Lew Nichols

TIME CLOCK

from the tractor seat, they can do the job in seven seconds.

Harvester's Fast-Hitch coupler is the most important of a complete new line of farm implements on which the company has spent about \$150 million in the past two years. Included in the line are a variety of implements formerly usable only with the biggest tractors and now redesigned in smaller sizes.

Lightened Load. The new machines are clear proof of Harvester's confidence that the farm-equipment market, transformed by the shift from men and horses to machines, is still far from filled.

In 1910, there were 24.2 million horses and mules on U.S. farms v. a mere 1,000 tractors. Now the horse and mule population is down to 5,600,000,* along with a drop in manpower, while the number of farm tractors has soared to 4,400,000, supplying more than 80% of the power for field work on U.S. farms. Other farm machines have scored similar gains. In 1940, there were 190,000 combines on U.S. farms; now there are almost a million. The number of corn pickers has jumped from 110,000 to 588,000, hay balers from 25,000 to 240,000. Between 1940 and 1952, U.S. farmers bought \$22.2 billion worth of machinery, and economists expect purchases to stabilize at around 8% of farm income, or an estimated \$2.5 billion in 1953.

Two Billion Man-Hours. Farm mechanization got a big lift from World War II's huge food demand, and the skyrocketing cost of farm labor—up 300% since 1939 vs. a 100% rise in the cost of machinery. It has amply paid off. Items:

- ☛ Tractor equipment saves farmers an estimated 2 billion man-hours a year.
- ☛ A 12-ft. grain combine harvests 30 or more acres a day, cuts labor by 85%.
- ☛ A mechanical cotton picker will do as much work in one day as 40 men, cut picking costs from as high as \$52.55 to \$18.70 a bale.
- ☛ A milking machine will save up to 30 man-hours per cow in a year's time.

The average, well-equipped corn-and-livestock farmer in today's Midwest, with 250 acres of crop land, has an estimated \$18,000 invested in machinery, including one small and two large tractors and a score of implements to hitch behind them. In terms of labor savings, it is worth the cost; with tractor and power equipment, a farmer can prepare and plant three acres of land in the time one acre could be done with work animals. Furthermore, if the tractor is put on a 24-hr. schedule, which is not possible with work animals, the job can be done seven times as fast. The farmer can figure on his mechanized equipment paying for itself in two or three years, through the reduction of hired hands, horse maintenance, etc. And if he is smart

TOP Government economists were called to a White House meeting last week to report on the business outlook. Their conclusion: a good chance of a strong fall pickup, and no general business letdown this year or in the early months of '54.

SECRETARY of the Treasury George Humphrey, worried about criticism of his tight-money policy, will soon make a major speech defending it. He will argue that higher interest rates benefit the many rather than the few because there are more moneylenders than borrowers in the U.S. Among the moneylenders Humphrey includes anyone who has insurance in a mutual company or has money in a pension fund which invests it.

RAILROADER Robert Young's "Train X," the low-slung, speedy (up to 150 m.p.h.) train which Young thinks will cut costs drastically and transform passenger travel, will soon be built. The train will have shorter cars, a far lower center of gravity than conventional trains. To build it, Young's Chesapeake & Ohio is teaming up with the New York Central, which is 10% owned by the C. & O. The deal is the first evidence of co-operation between C. & O. and the Central, in which Bob Young thinks he should have a directorship.

PHILIP Morris is flirting with the idea of putting a new filter-tipped cigarette on the market. The lure: booming sales of filter cigarettes, which account for about 2% of all cigarette sales and are expanding fast.

POCKET Books, Inc. is getting ready to invade the phonograph-record business in September with a line of hit tunes on 7-inch, 45- and regular 78-r.p.m. plastic records that will sell for 35¢.

U. S. Steel, which like other steel-makers gets most of its manganese (needed to harden steel) from foreign-controlled sources abroad, has

a big stake in a huge new manganese deposit of its own. The deposit, estimated at 50 million tons, was discovered in French Equatorial Africa by a French development company (Comilog), which is 49% owned by Big Steel. U.S. Steel will help dig the ore, lay a railroad to bring it 250 miles to the seacoast.

CANADA Dry's advertising agency, out to meet the competition of Schweppe's quinine water (TIME, June 8), issued a calypso-beat song, *Keep Cool*, to the disk jockeys and jukeboxes. Sample lines:

*It ain't no sin to let the fun begin,
A-sippin' Quinac and a little gin.*

REYNOLDS Metals and Kaiser Aluminum are likely to bow out of the Air Force's ill-fated heavy press program (TIME, June 29), and Harvey Machine Co. may do so too. Reason: the Air Force, which was to supply funds to construct buildings to house the machines, has shifted the expense to the operators. If all three companies abandon the program, the Air Force will be left with only ten presses of the 20 it had once planned, and only six companies to run them.

WESTINGHOUSE will soon take a big step to strengthen its sales in the Middle East. With the help of Lebanese capital, it will build a plant to assemble refrigerators, air conditioners, washing machines and other electrical appliances at Beirut. By manufacturing locally, Westinghouse hopes to undersell British, German and U.S. competitors, who must pay high shipping and customs costs to import finished products into Arab countries.

FLOYD Odium's Atlas Corp., big dealer in "special situations," has bought 500,000 shares of William Zeckendorf's Webb & Knapp, and has an option to buy 500,000 more shares by January. Odium insists that it is only a "routine small transaction," but Wall Streeters speculated that it might mean Odium is backing Zeckendorf in some new ventures.

enough to buy a piece of equipment, e.g., a corn picker, that his neighbors do not own, he can pay for it in one summer by renting it (and himself) out on jobs.

More for Less. The agricultural change has had a far deeper meaning for the U.S. as a whole. In colonial days, it took 85% of the nation's work force just to produce the food needed; now 15% does the job. Between World Wars I and II, mechanization cut the number of man-hours in a crop year by 9%, while farm output rose 20%. Furthermore, much more of the output was for human consumption and not just animal feed. In 1921, there were 88 million acres of U.S. farmland growing feed for horses and mules; now it is down to 19 million acres. In short, mechanization has helped provide the U.S. farmer with 69 million new income-producing

acres, and the U.S. with 51% more food. It has also provided the U.S. with the problem of crop surpluses (see below), even though the number of U.S. farms has declined (from 6,800,000 to 5,300,000 in 15 years). But farm efficiency keeps on improving as marginal farmers sell off their acreage to mechanized neighbors and move to jobs in town.

While the present farm problem concerns surpluses, the future problem will be to supply enough food for a population of some 190 million by 1975. Because of mechanization and greater use of fertilizer, output per acre has already risen one-third since pre-World War II days; with further mechanization, plus additional research into better crops and conservation methods, the U.S. should be able to meet future needs.

* One side effect of the declining horse population: carbovan leather now sells for \$1.48 a ft., up 13% from last year.

THE NEED FOR RISK CAPITAL

Where Is the Small Investor?

AMERICANS have risked more money—and with more success—than any other people in the world. Yet in the U.S., today, there is a shortage of risk capital that threatens to slow the pace of industrial progress. In the past five years, corporations have needed \$39.3 billion in outside funds for expansion. Of this total, they have raised only \$3.9 billion in new stock issues, have had to borrow the rest. The melancholy fact is that only a relative handful of Americans are willing to "take a chance" on the nation's economic might by buying shares in U.S. industry.

The money is there: some \$200 billion in savings of one form or another, most of which has been put away by people with incomes of less than \$15,000. Yet out of a total population of 159 million, only 61 million—or one in every 16 adults—own shares in private industry. Families with incomes of \$50,000 and up, a mere one-tenth of 1% of the population, own 35% of the stock outstanding; those with incomes of \$10,000 or more, about 3% of the population, own 75% of the stock.

Once, U.S. capitalism could count on the wealthy for its life blood of venture capital. Now high taxes have not only made it almost impossible to accumulate giant fortunes, but the growth of organized labor is bringing about a redistribution of U.S. wealth. The share of total personal income (after taxes) going to people on the top 7% of the economic ladder dropped from 27.4% to 18.3% from 1939 to 1948. The bottom 93%, on the other hand, increased their share from 72.6% to 81.7. The purse strings of capitalism are being passed to the hands of the "little man." Why does he pull the strings so tight when it comes to buying common stocks?

The answer most frequently given is that he is afraid of another 1929-like collapse. But that is not the case; more than half the nation's stockholders are past 50, the very group best able to recall the crash. The fact is that the younger generation, raised in the security-conscious '30s, when speculation and Wall Street became dirty words, seldom thinks of buying stocks. One big reason is that Wall Street has failed in its job of telling Americans about the stock market and the investment opportunities it offers.

Wall Street has a good thing to sell. Common stocks on the exchange are paying close to their highest return in history—an average 6% v. 3.48% in 1929 and 4.87% in the last prewar bull market of 1937. What is more, during an inflationary period, the stock market is "safer" than Government bonds, since stock prices generally go up as the

value of the dollar declines. The holder of a Government bond, on the other hand, loses to the extent that the dollar's purchasing power decreases.

These are potent reasons for buying common stocks, and yet Wall Street has done virtually nothing to tell the U.S. public about them. All told, the New York Stock Exchange and brokerage houses spend only \$3,000,000 a year on advertising, compared with \$22 million spent by the insurance industry and \$61 million by commercial banks, largely to boost savings accounts.

There is no doubt that the money—and interest in stock-buying—is there if Wall Street would go after it. This has been proved by such companies as Sun Oil Co. and A.T. & T., which have launched stock-purchase plans for their employees (20% of A.T. & T.'s 700,000 employees are now stockholders). It has also been proved by a handful of Wall Streeters, notably Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane, the nation's largest brokerage house. For several years, Merrill Lynch has run short, free investment courses in its 109 branch offices; one lecture drew such a crowd during one of Detroit's hottest summer weeks that it had to be repeated on ten subsequent nights. Such courses, plus extensive pamphleteering on "How to Buy Stocks" and "How to Invest" have paid off for Merrill Lynch. In ten years its customer list has doubled to 265,000; its net has increased from \$4,854,000 to \$6,329,000.

Mutual funds, which hold stock in various companies and hence offer diversified investment for the little man, have had similar success. By selling door-to-door, by telephone and mail, at country fairs, etc., they have built assets from \$1,284,185,000 to \$3,861,924,000 since the war.

Thanks to such aggressive efforts, people are slowly learning more about common stocks. Four years ago, the Federal Reserve Board asked a broad cross section of consumers how they would like to invest future savings. Only 2% mentioned common stocks. This year, when the same question was repeated, 9% mentioned common stocks. Progress has been slow only because Wall Street, the greatest supermarket of them all, has not yet applied the basic sales techniques of the corner grocer. No one wants Wall Street to sell stocks on a get-rich-quick basis, as in 1929; they should be sold on the basis that everyone should have a dividend-paying stake in U.S. industry. But unless securities men succeed in broadening the ownership of stocks, the private-enterprise system will not find the new risk money it needs.

Bitter Pill

Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson, who believes that free markets are best for farmers, last week had to swallow a bitter pill. He restricted plantings for next year's wheat crop to 62 million acres, down 20% from this year's planting, and thus imposed the first acreage controls on wheat in three years. He also ordered a vote by the nation's farmers on whether marketing quotas should be imposed, the first such poll in eleven years. If two-thirds of the farmers approve the quotas, as expected, they may sell only as much as they produce, and the Government will continue to support wheat at 90% of parity (now about \$2.20 a bu.). If the quotas are not approved, the support price will automatically be cut to 50% of parity and farmers will be free to sell storage wheat also.

Benson was forced to act under the present farm law, which requires a quota proclamation if indicated wheat supplies are 20% above "normal" domestic and foreign demand. Just the day before, Dwight Eisenhower had signed a bill to raise the minimum permissible acreage from 55 million to 62 million acres. Benson said he set the 1954 allotment at the new minimum because the indicated wheat supply would set a record high.

BANKING

Transamerica Wins

When the Federal Reserve Board held that Transamerica Corp. monopolized West Coast banking and ordered it to sell its stock in 47 banks last year (TIME, April 7, 1952), Transamerica's then-President Sam Husbands snapped: "At long last we can now go into court and have a fair hearing." Last week, in court, Transamerica won its case.

In the U.S. court of appeals, Judge Albert Maris ruled that FRB's sweeping charges did not hold up. Said he: "The board paints with an exceedingly broad brush." FRB had shown that Transamerica had grown to gigantic size, dominating 41% of all banking offices, 39% of all bank deposits and 50% of all bank loans in California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada and Arizona. "It may well be in the public interest," said Judge Maris, "to curb the growth of this banking colossus by appropriate legislative or administrative action." But, he ruled, FRB had failed to prove any lessening of competition or tendency to monopoly.

UTILITIES

Feeding a Giant

When the Atomic Energy Commission estimated the power requirements of its new \$1.2 billion atomic bomb plant in Pike County, Ohio (TIME, Aug. 25), it seemed too big a job for private industry. More electrical energy would be needed than is used by New York City. But when AEC asked 15 private power companies to join forces to build and run the new generating facilities, they jumped at the

Get *All* the New TV Channels With a Mallory Converter

No tampering with your set
No sacrifice of VHF channels

To receive *all* channels, both old and new, in any area . . . the simple, practical means of converting any TV set is with a Mallory UHF Converter.

Unlike the "tuning strip" method of conversion—which requires a service installation for each new station—the Mallory Converter covers any and all channels. What's more, it is easily connected—in just a few minutes.

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**TO SETTLE
UPSET
STOMACH
RELIEVE
CONSTIPATION**

When you over-indulge in food or drink it often results in acid indigestion and temporary constipation. The double action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia takes care of both... neutralizes the excess acid and relieves constipation. Gets you to feeling your old self again in record time.

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Don't suffer inconvenience and discomfort with swarms of vicious flies around your yard this summer. Big Stinky lures, traps, and kills flies before they get to you — or into the house. The Control Fluid plus water on the starting bait attracts a few flies — which are digested to produce a scent which attracts gallons of filthy flies — and Big Stinky is regenerative — it feeds on flies to catch more flies.

Complete BIG STINKY with gal. jar — no parts to supply — and 8 oz. (season's supply) Control Fluid ————— \$4.95
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INVENTOR CUSTER & CHANNEL-WING PLANE
He wants to go slower.

chance. Last week their Ohio Valley Electric Corp. filed a proposal with the SEC to sell \$420 million in bonds and notes, one of the biggest private utility financings of all time, and more than eight times the federal funds originally appropriated for TVA.*

Construction of the power stations to be operated at Gallipolis, Ohio and Madison, Ind. has been started out of the \$20 million initial capital pooled by the power companies. To complete them and transmission lines, Ohio Valley Electric plans to sell \$360 million of 3 1/2% first mortgage bonds and \$60 million in 4% notes to banks, insurance companies and pension funds.

The power plants will burn 7,500,000 tons of coal a year, and will have a capacity of 2,200,000 kw., of which the AEC will use 1,800,000 in producing the radioactive isotope U-235 at its new plant. The rest will be sold to private power users.

AVIATION

The Channel Wing

At California's Oxnard Airport one afternoon last week, Pilot Walt Davidson clambered into a two-engine plane which had a curious, U-shaped bend in each wing. He started it down the runway and, after a run of only 90 ft., the plane soared into the air at 30 m.p.h. Davidson climbed to 1,000 ft., then circled the airport for four minutes before coming in for a bouncy landing at 40 m.p.h.

For inventor Willard Custer, 54, the test flight of his "channel-wing" aircraft (TIME, Dec. 17, 1951) proved that it could take off in an incredibly short run. Eventually he hopes to show that it will take off at 15 m.p.h. inside 25 ft., hover

motionless at a 23° angle and land within 25 ft. Custer, who has spent 20 years perfecting his plane, plans to sell a two-engine, five-passenger version for \$75,000.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Gordon Dean, 47, who retired as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission last month, joined Manhattan's investment banking firm, Lehman Bros.

¶ Dan A. (for Able) Kimball, 57, who resigned as Secretary of the Navy last January, became president of Aerojet-General Corp., a General Tire & Rubber Co. subsidiary. No stranger to General Tire, Kimball joined the company after World War I, was executive vice president and general manager of Aerojet Engineering Corp. (which merged with Crosley Motors last March to become Aerojet-General) when he left for Washington.

¶ John E. Nelson, 50, vice president of J. J. Newberry Co., the fourth largest U.S. chain of variety stores (477 stores in 45 states),* stepped up to the presidency, succeeding E. A. Newberry, 67, brother of Founder and Chairman J. J. Newberry, 75, who became vice chairman and chairman of the executive committee. Nelson got his start in 1921 as a stock boy with Brittan Bros., a Pacific Northwest variety chain later purchased by Newberry.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Nylon Bed Sheets. Pepperell Manufacturing Co. announced the world's first large-scale production of nylon bed sheets and pillow cases. Woven with more air spaces between threads to allow the material to "breathe," the contour sheets can be washed and dried in a jiffy, need no ironing. Price: \$7.50 for double sheets, \$8.95 for single, \$1.95 for pillow cases, about the same as the most expensive percale.

Leakproof Battery. A flashlight battery which is chemically sealed against leakage of its electrolytic materials was put on the market by Olin Industries, Inc. Sealed by a chemical, the battery does not

* TVA took over the Muscle Shoals project, on which \$149.6 million had been spent up to August 1951. Congress appropriated \$50 million for TVA in 1954, another \$62.8 million in regular and supplemental appropriations through 1943.

† Which gets its quick-lifting power from the U-shaped bands which function on the principle of the Venturi tube. I.e., the faster air flows through a tube with a narrow throat and flaring ends, the lower the pressure drops within the tube. On the plane, the lowered pressure causes a suction, even at low speeds, within the channels, maintaining the flow of air and preserving lift under conditions that would stall an ordinary plane.

© First three: F. W. Woolworth, 1,787 stores; S. S. Kresge, 627; W. T. Grant, 491.

Save days of driving to Vacation

FLY AMERICAN

No more wasting of precious vacation time on the road now that American and Avis have teamed up with their Plane-Auto plan. You and the family can vacation where your hearts' desire without long, time-consuming driving and have a car waiting for you when you arrive.

Go the long way by Flagship on the sky highway and watch the miles melt into minutes. Arrive rested, refreshed and ready for fun.



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WHICH HELD?



NAILS?

OR STAPLES?



Long Island homes caught the full fury of the hurricane. Winds rose to 100 mph. Telephone lines were down—trees uprooted—roofs torn loose or badly damaged.

On the ocean side, where damage was greatest, certain roofs held fast. Their shingles had been applied a new way. Instead of using roofing nails, the builder had used a Bostitch H4 Self-feeding Hammer with Bostitch staples to shingle his new homes.

"Our houses came through without the loss of one shingle," reports the

builder. Other reports from other builders confirm the amazing holding power of Bostitch roofing staples on asphalt shingles, when properly applied to new roofs with the efficient Bostitch H4.

All of which helps to prove one point: *Where Bostitch is concerned, the cheapest and easiest way is very often the best way.*

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require thick insulation or an outside metal jacket. Price: 15¢, slightly higher than ordinary flashlight batteries.

Travel Credit. To speed up railroad ticket purchases, a charge-plate credit card system was started by the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway so that tickets can be charged by mail or wire.

Hidden Virtues. The first opaque nylon, which eliminates the "show through" of nylon cloth used for lingerie, shirts and shorts, was announced by Du Pont.

Sponge Cleaner. A cellulose sponge impregnated with an all-purpose foam cleaner for rugs and upholstery, as well as woodwork and windows, was put on sale by My-Ko Chemical Corp., Milwaukee. Price: 95¢.

Speedy Printer. New teletype machines that can print 100 words a minute, v. 60 words a minute on present standard teletype machines, were announced by Teletype Corp., a subsidiary of Western Electric Co. The new machine has fewer working parts than the present models, weighs only about half as much. It will be available to the general public by mid-1954.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Yankee Doodle on the Rand

In a movie deal in London last week, it looked to the casual reader as though a minnow was teaming up with a whale. To get dollars to expand elsewhere, United Artists sold its 50% common stock interest in Odeon Cinema Holdings, Ltd., the holding company that controls Odeon Theatres, Ltd., parent company of Cinemogul J. Arthur Rank's vast movie empire. The buyer was little-known African Theatres, Ltd., a subsidiary of South Africa's Schlesinger Organization. For a reported \$6,300,000, African Theatres' Chairman John Schlesinger got a part-interest in a movie domain that controls more than 600 British and overseas movie houses, is Britain's largest film producer and one of its biggest makers of theater and film-making equipment.

But Schlesinger is anything but a minnow. In South Africa, 30-year-old Johnny Schlesinger is almost as famous as Diamond King Sir Ernest Oppenheimer (TIME, May 5, 1952). His 60 companies are worth an estimated \$175 million. They include: 150 movie houses from Cape Town to Nairobi; insurance companies, which insure one out of every six white South Africans; a 13-sq. mi. citrus grove with nearly 1,000,000 trees, the world's largest; chains of hotels, restaurants, amusement parks, milk bars and candy kiosks in 100 African towns.

The American Look. But even with such deals as the one with United Artists, Johnny Schlesinger will have a hard time matching the pace set by his father, who built the family empire and turned it over to him in 1947, two years before he died. South Africa had seldom seen a hustler like Isadore William Schlesinger, who was born on Manhattan's Lower East Side, and arrived penniless in Cape Town in 1896 to take part in the gold rush. Schles-

HOW TO OPEN THE DOOR TO PRODUCTION ECONOMY

New design approach explores production economies with plastics

A fresh approach to cost reduction, reported in a new Monsanto management study, lies in *designing* for production economy—with plastics. Thanks to this new trend in design thinking, manufacturers in many product fields are now cutting production costs by as much as 50 per cent.

Faster cycles . . . elimination of machining, painting, assembly and other finishing operations—made possible by plastics—are now prime considerations right at the conception of the product.

For the full story of how manufacturers are cutting costs with the new approach to design problems, send for your free copy of Monsanto's new management report. Just use the coupon below. Also—if you would like individual assistance with your materials problem, call on the Monsanto Technical Council—a board of experts in plastics, who will be glad to advise you on any questions related to plastics.



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inger never got to the goldfields. Instead he took a salesman's job, switched to life insurance as an agent for the U.S.'s Equitable Life Assurance, was soon earning \$30,000 a year in commissions.

While others went looking for gold and diamonds, Schlesinger started his own insurance company, began making himself one of South Africa's biggest landlords. He started by promoting real estate subdivisions in the path of Johannesburg's growth, eventually put up \$560 million worth of buildings and gave South African cities an American look.

North of Johannesburg he bought 16,000 acres of barren bush, dammed two rivers, built 100 miles of concrete dunes, and planted half a million orange trees. He bought confiscated German lands in Tanganyika after World War I, and became one of Africa's biggest sheep ranchers. When the flickering "bioscopes" caught on, he built a chain of theaters across South Africa and produced his own films. In remote regions, Schlesinger traveling vans still carry Wild West and Charlie Chaplin films to native villages and compounds. He introduced the chain store, the cafeteria, and the American-style drugstore. Through all this he never gave up American citizenship, had his stationery emblazoned: "I. W. Schlesinger, American Citizen."

Northward Ho! Johnny Schlesinger, who gave up his U.S. citizenship in 1947, is determined to expand the empire he inherited. He began a \$67 million program to build new hotels, office buildings, restaurants and theaters. A onetime Harvard baseball player, he also has tried to introduce professional baseball to South Africa, and a nightclub to Johannesburg. Neither caught on, and Schlesinger was forced to move his fancy Casbah cabaret to Lourenço Marques, Mozambique, where the Portuguese are more appreciative of it.

Schlesinger is putting a big part of his expansion money into east and central Africa. In Salisbury, capital of Southern Rhodesia, he is putting up a \$2,000,000 hotel, theater and office block, and similar projects are under way in other Rhodesian and Kenyan cities. He is also experimenting on films for central African natives, who he thinks will give him a vast new market. Behind these moves is Schlesinger's hunch that "long before anybody now thinks possible, there will be a great African federation south of the equator. That's the thing I'm planning for."

MODERN LIVING

Academic Repose

As the world's largest manufacturer of bowling and billiard equipment, Chicago's Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. long ago found it profitable to spruce up bowling alleys and poolrooms, help turn them into recreation halls fit for schoolchildren. Last week Brunswick-Balke went into the classroom itself; it began making a line of school furniture.

Brunswick found that the U.S. spends \$100 million a year equipping its schools



John Schlesinger Times

JOHN SCHLESINGER
From minnow to whale.

with furniture, and that there are only a handful of major manufacturers in the field. It spent \$1,000,000 on a complete line of desks, chairs and tables made of plywood, with tapered, tubular steel legs. The chairs have comfortable seats and backs, come with a dozen different types of arm rests. The tables have 25 basic parts, which can be used to assemble 130 tables of various sizes, heights and shapes. To solve the schools' storage problem, the chairs stack easily, the tables nest.

As a furniture maker, Brunswick has already passed its first exam. On order is \$500,000 worth of furniture for 25 new schools. By next year Brunswick expects to be ready to turn out \$5,000,000 worth of school furnishings a year.



Arthur Siegel

NEW BRUNSWICK CHAIRS
From poolroom to schoolroom.

Leadership Demands Constant Achievement

Lockheed's huge Marietta, Georgia, factory speeds output of U.S. aircraft

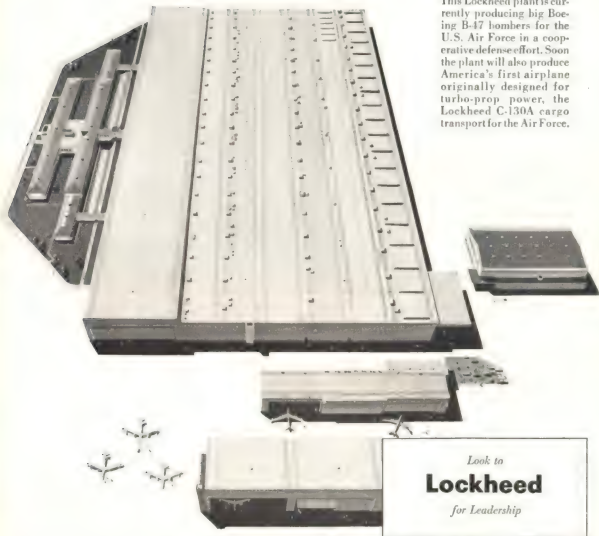
**EXPANDS DEFENSE PRODUCTION
IN INDUSTRIAL SOUTH**

Lockheed and the growing Industrial South today provide the U.S. with one of the world's largest aircraft factories—Lockheed's huge Marietta, Georgia, plant.

A short distance from Atlanta, this factory complements Lockheed's California Division, providing the industrial dispersal now considered vital to U.S. defense.

Lockheed's Georgia Division employs over 13,000 people and has an \$800 million backlog of plane orders. That's big business—and an excellent example of new production in the fast-growing Industrial South.

This Lockheed plant is currently producing big Boeing B-47 bombers for the U.S. Air Force in a cooperative defense effort. Soon the plant will also produce America's first airplane originally designed for turbo-prop power, the Lockheed C-130A cargo transport for the Air Force.



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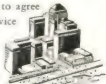
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (20th Century-Fox) is apparently predicated on the theory that if half the moviegoing population prefers Marilyn Monroe and half prefers Jane Russell, then just about everybody will be devastated by a picture that features both. There is, in fact, a danger that some impressionable moviegoers, unable to make up their minds which of the stars they prefer, may go quietly hysterical, like laboratory mice caught between two morsels of cheese.

But, for all the three-dimensional attractions of its two leading ladies, this is a rather flat cinemusal. This version adds flashy songs, dances, Technicolor, a present-day setting and a happy ending to

voice (George Winslow). In the process, she also sings remarkably well,* dances, or rather undulates all over, flutters the heaviest eyelids in show business, and breathlessly delivers such lines of dialogue as "Coupons—that's almost like money," as if she were in the throes of a grand passion. As Lorelei's chaperone, who wants her to go off the gold standard, Jane Russell does a frenetic, blond-wigged imitation of Marilyn and, surrounded by a beefcake chorus of athletes, sings *Anyone Here for Love?* in fine deadpan style. Sample dialogue: First Athlete: "If the ship hits an iceberg and sinks, which girl would you save from drowning?" Second Athlete with a smirk: "Those girls couldn't drown."

Ride, Vaquero! (M-G-M) makes the old horse-epics on TV look good. It takes some of Hollywood's silkkest purses and, without half trying, promptly and efficiently turns them into sow's ears. It has a beautiful star (Ava Gardner), yet somehow manages to make her seem drab, and a basically exciting story (bandits v. ranchers) which, in this version, has no more suspense than a mystery story read backwards. Ava is the wife of a handsome, brave, wooden-faced Texas rancher (Howard Keel), who gets into a feud with a Mexican bandit (Anthony Quinn), a fellow who uses *vino* as a gargle. This bandit has a lieutenant, a handsome, brave, wooden-faced desperado (Robert Taylor). Gardner takes one look at Taylor and her earrings start quivering.

After several reels, Gardner kisses Taylor, whereupon Taylor slaps Gardner, which seems bad manners even in frontier Texas. Follow some shooting, riding, burning, and some pallid attempts by the scriptwriters to make the whole affair into a kind of road-company *Shane*. When at last the end arrives, slow as an old mule across the desert, it brings the funniest movie scene in years: Taylor and Quinn shooting each other dead and dropping to the barroom floor simultaneously, like well-rehearsed ballet dancers. *Ride, Vaquero!* has some exciting stretches, but Anthony Quinn as the bandit provides the only glimpses of distinction; at moments he is so good that he seems to have ridden into the scene out of some other movie. As a Mexican priest, Kurt Kasznar is conscientious and effective. Miss Gardner is exquisitely bored. Taylor is Taylor. Even the Technicolor is fuzzy, but there are some fine shots of some fine horses.

Second Chance (RKO Radio) is the seventh chance 3-D has had to prove that it is here to stay. For the seventh time it has proved itself only a novel gimmick. The third dimension, however, is the least thing wrong with *Second Chance*, a picture



Ed Clark—LIFE

RUSSELL & MONROE
Some may go hysterical.

Anita Loos's famed 1925 bestseller about the fine art of gold digging during the jazz age. It also subtracts much of the original's satire, intelligence and wit.

Even before the credit titles are flashed on, Marilyn and Jane are on the screen in spangled scarlet dresses slit to a fare-thee-well above and below decks, hammering out a number entitled *The Little Girls from Little Rock*. From then on, the picture is so busy leering at Marilyn and Jane that it never gets around to being much of a picture. The result, while still fun, is a burlesque of burlesque, a kind of Minsky in mink.

As Lorelei Lee, who believes that diamonds are a girl's best friend, Marilyn Monroe does the best job of her short career to date. Her almost surrealist figure, quite as implausible as a Petty girl's, fascinates every male aboard a transatlantic luxury liner, from a monocled old millionaire (Charles Coburn) to a six-year-old boy with a valet and a foghorn

* Cinemogul Darryl Zanuck signed an affidavit solemnly affirming that the voice on the sound track was really Marilyn's.

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The sound movie Mr. Sheehan made of his plant's forging operations was so successful that it's now used for training at various West Coast aircraft plants and as an educational document in California universities as well as for training employees in his own plant. That's really quite a record for a so-called "amateur" sound movie!

Mr. Sheehan did the whole job himself. He shot the movie and edited it. Then he put his own commentary on the film with the Bell & Howell magnetic recording projector, the Filmosound 202.

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C. J. MACK, V.P. & Gen. Mgr. A HILTON HOTEL

with Robert Mitchum and Linda Darnell in the leading roles. According to some touching publicity releases, Bob and Linda are trying to communicate "a love story that is a pattern for faith."

It may be a spiritual light that comes into Mitchum's eyes when he gets a glom of Darnell, or then again it may only be the glare of some passing headlights. At any rate, it is fairly certain that Prizefighter Mitchum never had faith in anything but his good right hand. He loses that faith when he kills a man in the ring, and heads across the border to forget about it. There he meets Linda, for whom faith seems to be nothing more than confidence that she can keep one wiggle ahead of Jack Palance, a really frightening gunman who offers her a choice between death and a fate worse than that.

This man Palance keeps the show as well as Linda on the move. A rivet-eyed, onetime prelim fighter from the Pennsylvania coal country, Palance (né Palahnuik) gave terrifying performances in *Shane* and *Sudden Fear*, has since become the hottest heavy in Hollywood. His face alone, as thin and cruel as a rust-pitted spade, is enough to frighten a strong man; and to make matters worse, he seems to emit hostile energy, like something left overnight in a plutonium pile.

Among the picture's other attractions, there is a strong suggestion that Bob and Linda do more than chatter about the pretty native blankets in that hotel bedroom. There is also a free tour of Cuernavaca and Taxco, two of Mexico's most beautiful cities. And finally, there is a battle royal in a busted cable car suspended thousands of feet above the Andes (the picture never makes clear what Mexicans are doing in the Andes). As the car plunges to destruction—after all the right people are rescued—a Mexican makes a remark that may fittingly serve as a caption for the whole show. It was, he says, "a beautiful disaster!"

Vice Squad (Levy and Gardner; United Artists) introduces the stream-of-consciousness technique at the precinct level. What James Joyce did in *Ulysses* for Leopold Bloom, this picture does for a detective captain. And though a day in the life of a flatfoot does not exactly provide many Joycean transfigurations—especially when the flatfoot is Edward G. Robinson—the film does leave the audience feeling like a thoroughly chewed cigar.

Detective Robinson's day begins with the bad news that a patrolman has been shot the night before while trying to stop a car heist. Then a stool pigeon tells him that a well-known hood is back in town to pull a bank job. Piece by piece, evidence comes in to connect the hood with the heist. By 9 a.m. the bank in question is staked out with plain clothesmen. At 1 p.m. the visiting hood and his gang strike, as expected. After a savage gun battle, two thugs get away—without the loot. By 5 p.m. the captain has cracked two witnesses and, on their information, caught the rest of the gang on the getaway. He thereupon calmly goes home to supper.



ROBINSON & GODDARD
After infinite practice, a masterpiece.

In its main movement, the picture has all the drive of a .45 slug, but the comic interludes are mostly misfires. Paulette Goddard is agreeably bummy as an affluent madam, and Porter Hall, as one of the witnesses (an undertaker on a spree), firmly supports many a shaky scene with his main comic device: an almost completely absent chin. Edward G. Robinson is as monotonous and entertaining as ever. An actor who has developed well-nigh infinite modulations of the sneer, Robinson, after 30 years of practice, has at last produced his masterpiece. In *Vice Squad*, he displays a sneer so spectacular that he can almost be said to smile.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Moon Is Blue. A nice little comedy that uses some naughty words (TIME, July 6).

The 5,000 Fingers of Dr. T. A wacky, freshly told Technicolor fantasy about a small boy who hates piano teachers (TIME, June 22).

Julius Caesar. Hollywood's best Shakespeare to date; with Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud (TIME, June 11).

Strange Deception. An allegorical manhunt with a postwar Italian setting, powerfully filmed by Novelist Curzio (*The Skin*) Malaparte (TIME, June 1).

Stalag 17. Director Billy Wilder's rosyly entertaining adaptation of the Broadway comedy-melodrama about a Nazi prison camp (TIME, May 18).

Fanfan the Tulip. A witty French spoof of the typical movie swashbuckler; with Gérard Philipe, Gina Lollobrigida (TIME, May 11).

Shane. A high-styled, Technicolored horse opera with Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jean Arthur (TIME, April 13).

Call Me Madam. Ethel Merman spark-plugs a big, bouncy movie version of her Broadway hit musical about a lady ambassador (TIME, March 23).

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BOOKS

Hands Across the Sea

BEYOND THIS PLACE (316 pp.)—A. J. Cronin—Little, Brown (\$3.75).

When Ulsterman Paul Burgess asked his mother to show him his birth certificate, she only hemmed & hawed. When Paul persisted, she sagged at the knees, confessed that his real surname was Mathry and that his "dead" father was actually serving a life sentence for killing a prostitute. Paul was stunned: he remembered his pa as a jolly fellow who cut paper boats, not ladies' throats. Afire to clear the old man, Paul hoofed it to the English industrial town of Wortley, the scene of the crime.

So begins A. J. Cronin's new novel, the Literary Guild selection for August, which might be described as a bull-headed attack on the British judicial system, except that bulls have hard heads and definite ideas while *Beyond This Place* is something of a two-headed calf.

Author Cronin's British memories seem to have got confused by his 14 years of residence in the U.S., so that his book is like a game of baseball played by somebody who thinks it is cricket. The villain of the novel, Sir Matthew Sprott, prosecutor for the Crown, can be best described as a go-getting U.S. district attorney with a knighthood. Wortley's police chief is another odd case of hands across the sea, one of those blunt Britons of the old Prohibition gang-war days. As for Wortley's newspapermen, nothing like them has been seen in the North Country since *The Front Page* came to the local flickers.

Not surprisingly, Paul Mathry finds the Cronin blend of American ruthlessness and British hypocrisy a tough obstacle in the way of justice. No matter where he scoots,



NOVELIST CRONIN
A two-headed calf.

digging up new evidence to free his father, the cops and the judiciary are forever on his tail, eager to bury the nasty stuff again. But Ulster's Paul fights on with true U.S. idealism, until at last he proves that the murder was committed by a well-known Wortley philanthropist and that Sir Matthew Sprott got the conviction of father Mathry simply to feather his own nest.

The love interest of *Beyond This Place* is furnished by a girl of Swedish descent named Lena. The town of Wortley doesn't think much of Lena and her cool "northern freshness," but she is definitely a blonde of whom Minnesota would be proud.

The Enemy Is Like This

I WAS A CAPTIVE IN KOREA (253 pp.)—Philip Deane—Norton (\$3.50).

A year ago, in the North Korean town of Kaichun, a native woman of 40 politely addressed Philip Deane as "grandfather." Deane, still under 30, felt a little rough. Then he looked in a mirror and was shocked by what he saw. But by that time he had already been a prisoner of the North Koreans for two years.

I Was a Captive in Korea is probably the most perceptive book that has come out of the war in Korea. It is also the most harrowing, a grim and terrible reminder of the nature of the foe and the incredible Communist brutality toward the helpless. Yet it is a book curiously devoid of hatred or even resentment. It is the straight, lucid report of a keen observer who seems to have stored the horrors he witnessed and suffered in a cool corner of his punished brain.

Thirst & Beatings. As war correspondent for the London *Observer*, Author Deane had flown from Athens "to cover this little war." He hitchhiked his way to Taejeon in time to see Major General William Dean's green 24th Division chopped to pieces by 15 divisions of North Korean Communists. On his very first day, he helped with the wounded. He saw the army "doctors operate ceaselessly, their hands bare, blood spattered down their fatigues. No rubber gloves, no white smocks here. Stitch this, clip that, sponge, stitch, clip, saw—faster, faster, faster, there are more waiting." At the front, he was wounded by mortar fire and ran a gauntlet of fire back to temporary safety as the Communists overran the U.S. positions. On the morning of July 23, Deane went forward to join the single tank company that covered the U.S. retreat. He never reached it.

The jeep in which he rode came under fire, one man was killed, and Deane and the other G.I.s crawled to the nearest house. Of the seven men already there, two were dead. One after the other, three more were killed as Communist fire poured in. Deane dashed out to get a jeep started, got a bullet in his hand, four in his thigh. When the Communists charged and captured the house, their first act was to



JOURNALIST DEANE
A two-legged Tiger.

shoot the wounded G.I.s who could not stand. Then the survivors were stripped, kicked, beaten and marched off. At each village, they were turned over to the civilians to be beaten further. The heat and thirst became maddening: "Rice paddies are fertilized with human excreta, but we drank, drank deep, and dipped our burning heads in the stinking water. A shaggy, dusty buzzard dropped not six feet away from me and resumed the meal the pilots of the United Nations had interrupted. Under his claws were the remains of an American sergeant. We marched on."

Thus began 33 months of imprisonment for Philip Deane. That he survived is a tribute to his toughness, his refusal to lose hope. There were others as indomitable in the European civilian group, mostly diplomats and missionaries, of which Deane was a member. They were shuttled from camp to camp, death-marched, frozen, starved. Old men and women were ruthlessly liquidated. Mother Superior Beatrice of the Order of St. Paul was shot when she could not go on. She was 77. Salvation Army Commissioner Lord, a heroic figure in Deane's book, wrote her "death certificate" with a pistol at his head: "From heart failure."

Death of a Texan. One Texas lieutenant was executed because the men in his platoon collapsed, but he showed his captors how to die:

"Why did you let those five men drop out?" asked the Tiger [the North Korean commandant].

"Because, sir, they were dying."

"Why did you not obey my orders and have them carried?"

"Because, sir, that meant condemning the carriers to death from exhaustion."

"You knew I had ordered no one should drop out?"

"Yes, sir."

"In wartime the penalty for disobedience is death. You disobeyed orders. I will

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SPELEOLOGIST TAZIEFF SURFACING AT PIERRE SAINT-MARTIN
Seduced by the most tempting of bait.

France-Soir—SCOUP

kill you. That is what would happen in the American Army also, is it not?

"In the American Army, sir, there would be a trial."

"The Tiger turned to the assembled Korean soldiers. 'I have authority to kill him. He has disobeyed orders. What must I do?'

"Kill him," screamed the soldiers, 'kill them all.'

"You see," said the major to Lieutenant Thornton, 'you have had your trial, a People's Trial, People's Justice. Now I will kill you.'

"In Texas," said Thornton, a tone of contempt in his voice, 'we call that lynching, not justice' . . .

"Tell him," said the Tiger, pointing to Thornton, 'he must turn about.'

"Lieutenant Cordus H. Thornton was on parade. His shoulders squared, head up, chin in, arms firmly at his sides, he throat-faced as one does during drill. The Tiger took a handkerchief and bound Lieutenant Thornton's eyes. Then with his pistol he shot him in the back of the neck. A tall, blond sergeant jumped forward and caught his officer's body before it touched the ground. Tenderly, as if carrying a child, the sergeant took the lieutenant's body to the ditch."

The "Peace Express." Deane and his companions had little to hope for, but a few of them never gave up entirely. They were repeatedly "brainwashed" and proselytized by Communist indoctrinators who were no match in dialectical debate for their starved captives. They were interrogated endlessly. Deane was often offered his freedom in return for broadcasting to the world about U.S. "atrocities." He as often refused. Now and then their treatment would briefly improve, and they even had a party or two with special rations provided by their jailers. But there were other times when grown

men, Deane among them, fought for a cabbage leaf on the floor.

Then, last spring, Deane's group was brought to Pyongyang, where they were waited on hand and foot by Communist generals. The food was good and plentiful, they got new clothes, they even had a barber assigned to them. It was April when the good news came and seven of them were given their freedom, demanded by Britain and approved by the Soviet Union. At the Korea-Chinese frontier, Deane managed to smuggle out the notes for the book he finished two months later. In Mukden, they boarded "a beautiful blue train" decorated with Picasso doves—the "Peace Express." They were headed for Moscow, then home.

The Pursuit of Potholes

CAVES OF ADVENTURE (222 pp.)—Haroun Tazieff—Harper (\$3).

For speleologists, the way down into the cave is often like the way up to heaven for saints—straight and narrow. Moreover, the pothole shaft is apt to be lined with slimy rock walls out of which icy waterfalls pour over the passing spelunker. He spins sickeningly sometimes, at the end of a quarter-inch strand of cable, while his fellow spelunkers lower him slowly into the unknown. Below, he is often the sole inhabitant, except for eyeless white cockroaches and the like, of a world of stone, water and darkness. Claustrophobic terror can catch him, turn him hysterical. Finally, he has a couple of good chances of never seeing daylight again: a snapped cable or a landslide may leave him below forever. Why do they do it?

In *Caves of Adventure*, which describes two trips to the bottom of the Pierre Saint-Martin pothole in the Pyrenees, Polish-born Haroun Tazieff gives a spele-

ologist's answer. After dropping into the limestone mountain about as far down as the Empire State Building is up (1,250 ft.), Tazieff had "an astonishing feeling" of accomplishment. The experience made him skeptical of such highfalutin motives for spelunking as the advancement of scientific knowledge and the development of a nation's natural resources by discovering underground rivers for hydroelectric power. Holes and caves, Tazieff concluded, seduce speleologists with that most tempting of bait, "the lure of the unknown."

The first expedition to the Pierre Saint-Martin, in 1951, discovered two enormous caves and a river below the 1,000-ft. perpendicular descent into the mountain chimney. Lured on a second expedition into the hole last year as the official photographer, Tazieff saw French Speleologist Marcel Loubens fall from a snapped cable and break his back on the rocks below. Thirty-six hours later, with reporters and photographers swarming around the entrance to the hole and the world waiting for news, the suspense drama of the year ended tragically as Loubens died (TIME, Aug. 25).

Not even that stopped the spelunkers. After burying Loubens in the chasm, they continued their explorations, found another pothole and lowered themselves through it into the lowest and biggest cave of all, a "cathedral of rock," perhaps 500 yds. long and 400 yds. wide. In a flare of magnesium, the explorers "were confronted with a panorama of rocky coagulations—slender stalactites, suspended like long wisps of straws from the majestic vaults, hanging curtains of stone, and broad, squat, dome-shaped stalagmites, looking like huge mushrooms growing on the yellowish bottom of the cave."

A mile from the end of their cable and 2,000 ft. underground,* the explorers felt the intoxicating glow of knowing that "neither paleolithic men, nor the pot-holders of today, had ever been here before us." Having gained the heart of the mountain from the top, they stood triumphant upon its base—a monumental mass of carboniferous schist. It was a moment speleologists dream about.

Lucky Linda

WESTWARD THE SUN (287 pp.)—Geoffrey Catterall—Lippincott (\$3.50).

British readers take to 33-year-old Geoffrey Catterall's novels as naturally as U.S. movie addicts to popcorn. His five novels have sold a tidy 80,000 copies, and four of them have been British book-club choices. Well buttered with stock situations and salted with everyday speech, the Catterall brand of popcorn is easy to munch but slim fare as a literary meal. *Strait and Narrow*, his first novel to be published in the U.S., was about a go-getting young Briton whose law career rose almost as fast as his character dropped. In *Westward the Sun*, his heroine

* The record: 2,158 ft. into the Dint de Crilles, a mountain in the western Alps, held by French Speleologist Pierre Chevalier since 1947.

To TIME's Executive Readers:

In the August issue, FORTUNE

begins a new series of

monthly articles on...

The
Changing
American
Market

Fortune

Beginning in the August issue, FORTUNE is presenting a series of reports on the most significant changes—recent, current and prospective—in the American Market. The series will continue monthly until every significant sector of the market, every critical new influence on the market, has been investigated, analyzed, and reported. Future articles in the series will deal with:

- The changing markets of specific industries—e.g., automobiles (September issue) food, clothing, housing, appliances.
- The rapidly changing character of certain geographic, occupational, or otherwise “special” markets—e.g., the suburban market, the farm market, the Negro market.
- The broad forces cutting across all these markets—e.g., the new trends in population, income distribution, spending, saving, borrowing.

•
How's Your Market? That the American Market has changed and grown from its pre-World War II dimensions is reasonably well known. But what has happened to it in the past five or six years is, in many ways, more dramatic and significant than anything that happened during and right after the war. This is hardly known at all. And the furious rate of change continues. Any businessman who has concluded that he finally knows all he needs to know about the American market, even though he reached that comfortable decision as late as last year, can run up an uncomfortable deficit this year—and probably top that next year.

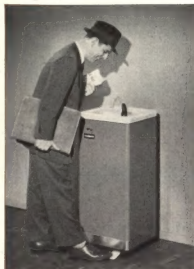
When the series is completed, the editors believe there won't be much left to know about the changes in the Changing American Market—at least, not for another year or so, when it will have changed again.

•
FORTUNE is \$10 a year by subscription, \$1.25 a copy. Subscriptions ordered on or before August 8, 1953, will begin with August issue and include entire series on The Changing American Market. Write to:

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is a beau-getting, lower-middle-class London girl who ditches her British fiancé during World War II to become a Yank's war bride.

Linda Ferrers, a sensible 18-year-old whose only worry is ending up on the matrimonial remnant counter, has nothing to do with noisy American cutups at first. The man she thinks she loves is Syd, a factory hand who goes in for muscle-building as a hobby. A shade monosyllabic when it comes to small talk, Syd is masterful enough as a movie-balcony Romeo. But before Linda will agree to name the day, she sits down with Syd for a serious talk about their future: "Syd, what about yourself? You got any ambitions?" Replies Syd: "Well, I aim to get 18-inch upper arms. If I do, I might have a go at some of the competitions. See me as Mr. East London, can you? Maybe Mr. Britain, you never know... But mind, I'll probably not get beyond 17-and-a-quarter."

Before poor Syd even gets to 17-and-a-quarter, a soft-spoken, churchoing G.I. turns up at the Ferrers' home to repair some V-bomb damage, and Mr. Britain-to-be becomes Mr. Also Ran. Since the American boy proves to be the son and heir of a well-heeled Colorado dry-goods merchant, lucky Linda not only flies off to the U.S. at novel's end, but also slips the narrow class bonds that made her content, at novel's start, to read her future in a humble plate of fish & chips.

Told in the first person with a fine ear for shopgirl patter, *Westward the Sun* (a Book-of-the-Month Club midsummer choice) is clearly aimed at readers with hammocks up and guards down.

RECENT & READABLE

Satan in the Suburbs, by Bertrand Russell. Five sardonic stories by a philosopher turned fictioneer (TIME, July 20).

White Hunter, Black Heart, by Peter Viertel. A green-hills-of-Africa novel by a Hollywood scriptwriter turned philosopher (TIME, July 20).

The Scribner Treasury. A collection of 22 classic short stories written between 1881 and 1931: not recent but highly readable (TIME, July 20).

The Bridges at Toko-ri, by James A. Michener. A short novel about a carrier pilot who found out why he was fighting in Korea (TIME, July 13).

A Mingled Yarn, by H. M. Tomlinson. Graceful essays in recollection by an eminent ironist who would have been just as happy if the 20th century had never arrived (TIME, July 13).

The Conservative Mind, by Russell Kirk. A sympathetic survey of the philosophy which underlies the conservative position, from Edmund Burke and John Adams to the present (TIME, July 6).

New Guinea and the Marianas, by Samuel Eliot Morison. The definitive U.S. naval history of World War II reaches the summer of 1944 and the campaigns which brought the Pacific War to the doorstep of Japan (TIME, June 29).

King George the Fifth, by Harold Nicholson. A masterful political biography (TIME, June 1).

MISCELLANY

Business Is Business. In Mons, Belgium, arrested for selling his wife Anna, his three children, his household furnishings and his house to Giacomo Martina for 24,000 francs (\$480), Emilio Rondoti was freed by the local judge, but ordered to pay court costs.

The Personal Touch. In Akron, the court appointed Attorney Joseph Roulhac to defend Auto Thief Charles Williams, 19, withdrew the appointment when it turned out that it was Attorney Roulhac's own car the defendant had stolen.

Blowtorch. In Oakland, Calif., firemen put out a fierce blaze in the Y.M.C.A. library after Jim Heckle, a carnival fire-eater, was seized with a coughing fit during a performance.

Just What the Doctor Ordered. In Nashville, Tenn., arrested for distributing moonshine whisky in a local hospital, John Clardy, 51, admitted that he had regularly delivered about five gallons a week to patients because "I thought it was good for them."

Noah's Basement. In Canandaigua, N.Y., after neighbors complained that Mrs. Coddie Hunt's pets were making too much noise, she revealed that she had in her cellar three dogs, 34 cats, a dozen roosters and guinea hens, and two calves.

Hero Worship. In Kansas City, Mo., after falling from a 20-ft. rock wall, Robert Thompson, 41, was treated for eye and back injuries, explained that he had been so impressed by the conquest of Mt. Everest that he wanted to do some climbing himself.

Getting On. In Providence, the Drexler Young Club announced its merger with Activities for the Aged, Inc.

The Literary Life. In Lorain, Ohio, arrested for gambling, Bookseller Michael Rusine paid a \$50 fine, admitted that he let patrons roll dice, double or nothing, for their purchases.

Prior Commitment. In East Chicago, Ind., officials got an explanation from James R. Duffy, 42, who said he had been unable to appear in court to answer a drunken-driving charge because he had been jailed in nearby Valparaiso, on a drunken-driving charge.

Turnabout. In Salina, Kans., George P. Kuback, 70, put his store up for sale in a newspaper ad because he was retiring to a farm, explained: "... For thirty years my place has been filled with farmers playing pool and drinking beer. What am I going to do on [my] farm? I am coming to town every day to play pool and drink beer. That's the life."

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Piper at parade rest.
Clan Wallace Tartan

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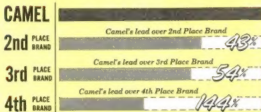
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